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Sports Illustrated

JULY 5, 1982 \$1.50

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



ARTIST LUZAK, A SPECIAL BOND WITH TONY C

Illustrator Dennis Luzak, 42, never saw the hospital scene he painted to open *Stuff* Winter Jack McCallum's story on former Red Sox hero Tony Conigliaro (page 58). He didn't have to. He had been there himself. In 1945 Luzak spent 3½ months in a Chicago hospital room, in circumstances with frightening similarities to Tony C's in Salem, Mass. At the age of five, Luzak was hit by a streetcar as he trailed some schoolmates dashing across the tracks. His left leg crushed, with gangrene setting in, and his skull fractured, he lay in a coma for 21 days. His leg was amputated below the knee, but then blood poisoning developed. His family, virtually without hope, alerted the local funeral director to reserve a small coffin.

"The doctors had told my parents I wouldn't make it," Luzak recalls. "Then someone said, 'We could try a new drug. We don't know much about it, but it's been used on soldiers'—this was at the end of World War II—with good results." The drug was penicillin.

Obviously, it worked. Luzak went on to study at the Art Institute in Chicago, at Notre Dame and at Detroit's School of Arts and Crafts. "It sounds like a place to learn to weave blankets and throw pots, but actually it's one of the

best art schools in the country," says Luzak. In 1968, after five years as an automobile designer for Chrysler and Ford and two as an industrial designer, he switched to illustrating, working in a commercial art studio in Chicago. Six years later he moved to Connecticut with his wife and two sons to embark on a career as a free-lance illustrator.

The Tony Conigliaro assignment, which necessitated the prodigious achievement of nine paintings in seven days, is Luzak's 16th project for *SI* in the past seven years. Because only family and a very few guests are permitted to visit Tony C, Luzak worked from photographs and descriptions supplied by a variety of sources. Aspects of the opening scene could have been done without either. "It's a painting of the hospital room with cards and plants all over the place," says Luzak. "I remember that."

Neither Art Director Harvey Grut nor Baseball Editor Larry Keith knew anything of Luzak's medical history when Grut asked him to take on the assignment. "We went to Dennis because we wanted realistic scenes," says Keith. "We didn't want impressions or embellishments."

Everyone who has seen Luzak's previous work for *SI*—a 1975 feature on Babe Didrikson, for instance, or his "Rip Off" cover for John Underwood's 1980 article on the student-athlete scandal—can attest to the powerful messages his pictures convey. If anything, Luzak worried about being too forceful in his Conigliaro illustrations.

"I didn't want to be sensational," he says. "When I first read the story I thought how much it paralleled my own and I felt two things I felt luckier than Tony and I felt immense compassion for the family. That's what I wanted to get across."

Philip D. Howard

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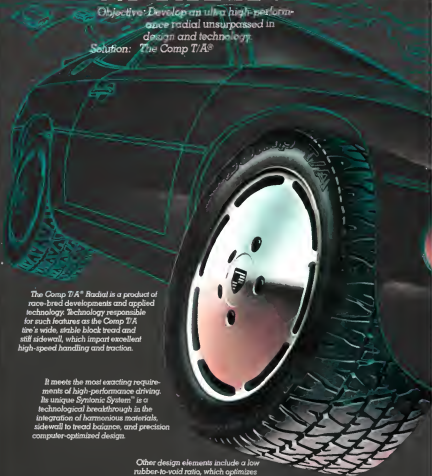
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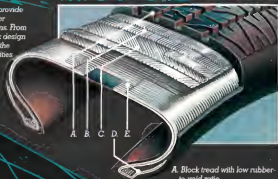
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Edited by JERRY KRISHENBAUM

THE PAINFUL, ESSENTIAL PROCESS OF GETTING DON REESE'S MESSAGE

In his June 14 SI article detailing widespread cocaine use among NFL players, Don Reese assailed league officials for taking an ostrich-like approach to the situation. The initial reaction to Reese's account seemed to bear out his complaint. To be sure, a handful of coaches and front-office people lauded Reese, a former NFL defensive lineman, for coming forward with his story, including Cleveland Coach Sam Rutigliano, who said he believed it was "good to have things like that out in the open," and Chicago General Manager Jim Finks, who said Reese's story "will do nothing but help." But many others, pointing out that Reese was an admitted user of cocaine who served a year in prison for attempting to sell the drug to two Miami undercover policemen, tried to discredit him and to suggest that the problem he described was overstated or, alternatively, that it merely "inured" a wider social malaise.

That last reaction missed the implications of Reese's story. Although it's true that cocaine is widely used in society as a whole, Reese made the point that its spread in the close-knit, pressure-packed NFL has been of epidemic proportions. Admittedly, if taken in small quantities, cocaine is no more physically debilitating or addictive than alcohol or amphetamines, but as with those substances, it has the potential for abuse, often creating a potent psychological, if not physical, dependence. And Reese said that many NFL players were indeed abusing cocaine—so such an extent that it was affecting their health and their on-field performance. He went on to warn, "Even if you don't give a damn

about the players, if you care about the game you have to be alarmed. What you see on the tube on Sunday afternoon is often a lie. When players are messed up, the game is messed up. The outcome of games is dishonest when playing ability is impaired." Because cocaine is both illegal and costly, the potential also exists, Reese made clear, for another kind of dishonesty. Players who purchase cocaine may come in contact with pushers with ties to organized crime, raising the possibility that, in their frequent desperation for cash, the players might shave points or throw games to underwrite their habit.

Many NFL officials, coaches and players, not to mention quite a few newspaper columnists, seemed to have trouble coming to grips with the menace described by Reese. Some of them sought instead to blame the messenger for the message. Ridiculing Reese's assertion that the San Diego Chargers, for whom he played during the 1981 season, had "a big drug problem," owner Gene Klein called Reese "a poor son

of a bitch" and "a pretty sick individual." Former Dolphin star Mercury Morris referred to him as "a big dumb farm kid ... and a stupid punk."

In addition to insults, Reese's article provoked fresh disclosures, including one by Bronco Coach Dan Reeves, who told *The Denver Post* that during last year's training camp he had obtained permission from his players to test their urine for cocaine and other drugs and that no trace of illicit drugs had been found. However, it normally takes no more than 24 hours for cocaine to leave the system, and at least some of the Broncos had apparently had that much advance notice. At any rate, news of the tests incurred the wrath of the Oakland Raiders' Gene Upshaw, president of the National Football League Players Association, whose sensitivity to the problem of cocaine abuse is such that his first reaction to Reese's charges was to question whether they had been a league-inspired "bargaining ploy" in the NFL's current contract talks with the union.

NFLPA Executive Director Ed Garvey meanwhile dismissed Reese's tale as "sensationalism." But Garvey appears to be too out of touch with the rank and file to know one way or another, witness his expression of shock at learning of the Bronco tests, an admission, in effect, that he had been in the dark for nearly a year about the fact that more than 100 players had submitted to them.

In the face of efforts to downplay Reese's charges came a torrent of newspaper stories suggesting that he had been only too accurate. It was disclosed, for example, that nine NFL draft choices who attended a tryout

camp in Tampa last January were found to have cocaine and other illegal substances in their urine (*The Orlando Sentinel*); that former Ram Linebacker Kevin McClain said that "cocaine, marijuana, pills, booze" were "all part of the NFL" and that he had "experimented with just about everything" during his pro football career (*Los Angeles Herald Examiner*); that law-enforcement officers in Buffalo reported that at least six members of the Bills regularly use cocaine but added that such use was "negligible" when compared to other NFL teams (*Buffalo Evening News*).

There were also revelations dealing with the New Orleans Saints, for whom Reese played in 1980. Reese said in his article that because of an epidemic of cocaine involvement, the Saints were a "horror show" that season. Both Dick Nolan and Dick Stanfel, the team's head coaches in 1980, responded that they were unaware of any drug use—which just shows how little some coaches know. One of Reese's former Saint teammates, Chuck Muncie, al-



Illustration by Graham Smith



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SCORECARD continued

though denying Reese's claim that he used cocaine following his trade to San Diego in 1981, confirmed that he used the drug in New Orleans and estimated that 60% of his teammates had done the same. Reese had put the figure at "more than 50%." Last week the New Orleans *Times-Picayune/States-Item* reported that as many as a dozen present and former Saints had told federal investigators that they had bought cocaine, in some cases from former New Orleans Running Back Mike Strachan, who was indicted last week for a second time on charges of selling the drug. One of those mentioned by the newspaper was Saint Running Back George Rogers, the 1980 Heisman Trophy winner and the leading NFL rusher last year. Rogers reportedly admitted to a federal grand jury that he spent more than \$10,000 on cocaine during the season. Muncie was said to have told authorities that he'd put Rogers in touch with a dealer and lent him money to buy cocaine the night before the Pro Bowl in Honolulu last January and that Rogers had knocked on Muncie's hotel room door to borrow more money for cocaine at 4 a.m. The Pro Bowl began at 11 a.m.

Amid all these disclosures came a dazzling reversal of field by NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle, who had long held the position that drug use was "not a major problem" among NFL players and who, in a June 16 letter to SI, apparently responding to Reese's charges of rampant cocaine involvement in the league, said merely that "drug and alcohol abuse is a problem of today's society." Yet two days later Rozelle was quoted in the *New York Daily News* as publicly conceding for the first time that illegal drug use among NFL players "could be a larger problem for us than it is in society."

Rozelle said he changed his opinion after discussions with Carl Eller, the former Minnesota Viking star and an admitted alcohol and drug abuser, who underwent rehabilitation and last summer became a paid NFL consultant on drug matters. "Carl has told us enough to indicate that it's not a wave of drug abuse," Rozelle said. "But he gave us his feelings, having gone through it, of what percentage on each team uses drugs." Although Rozelle wouldn't elaborate on those percentages, Eller told the *News* that, league-wide, up to 40% of NFL players had experimented with cocaine and that

continued

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perhaps 15% of them—some 200 young men—were “problem users.”

It's not clear where Rozelle has been until now. He might easily have deduced that cocaine use was getting out of hand in the NFL from the growing number of players who in recent years had either been convicted of cocaine-related charges (Shelby Jordan, Leroy Mitchell, Reese, Randy Crowder, Bob Hayes, Jim Bettersen) or who chose to go public with their problems (Eller, Randy Holloway, Bob Cobb, Hollywood Henderson). These, remember, are only some of the ones who were caught or came forward; it could certainly have been assumed that they were just the tip of the cocaine-use iceberg. Nor should Rozelle have been surprised by Sunday's front-page story in *The New York Times* in which Charles Jackson, head of the NFL's drug-abuse program, Eller and Dr. Walter Riker, the league's medical consultant for drug abuse, warned that cocaine use had become so prevalent in the league that, as Jackson put it, echoing Reese's concerns, “It posed a possible threat to the integrity of the game.” In fact, Eller has been sounding exactly that theme since going on the NFL payroll last summer, and he, Jackson and Riker had all warned of a growing cocaine peril during a two-hour presentation to team owners and club officials at league meetings in Phoenix last March. Asked by one owner to provide a “pessimistic estimate” of the degree of cocaine involvement among players, Jackson replied that the figure could be as high as 50%. Rozelle was at the meeting, a fact that makes his about-face nearly three months later seem a bit tardy.

The NFL's approach to the problem of drug and alcohol abuse has traditionally consisted mainly of efforts to prevent the use of harmful substances by “educational” means. That was fine as far as it went. When it came to rehabilitation, however, the league took a largely passive approach, waiting for players either to be arrested or to ask for help. That relatively few players asked wasn't surprising, because those found to be involved with drugs risked losing their jobs or being otherwise disciplined. Given the prevalence of cocaine use in the NFL, it isn't too sob-sisterly to suggest that the NFL should properly leave punishment to law-enforcement officials and shift its emphasis to treatment. As a purely practical matter, this is the only way it will win the trust of cocaine users, and thereby be in a

position to give them the earliest possible treatment.

Some NFLers are clearly more enlightened on the subject of cocaine than others. San Diego owner Klein says of the NFL's cocaine users, “Our policy has been to help anyone who comes forward, but we can't be their keepers,” a position that is both shortsighted and, considering the profits his players generate for him, unbecomingly hard-nosed. Ron Meyer, the Patriots' new coach, admits, similarly, to having little patience with drug users, explaining, “I didn't come here to run a Sisters of the Poor charity organization.” Last week Meyer fired the Patriots' drug-abuse consultant, Ed DeSaunier, who, after publication of Reese's story, had said, “Reese told it like it was with the drug problems, which are serious.” Although Meyer said he would replace DeSaunier's drug program with a more effective one, the timing of



the ouster scarcely inspired confidence about his intentions.

Given the possibility of recriminations toward cocaine users by coaches of Meyer's persuasion, the NFLPA's Garvey, whose organization has set up its own drug rehabilitation program, can be forgiven for expressing unease over any program run by those “perceived as management.” Garvey also raises a far-from-trivial point when he objects to drug tests, especially those administered by management, as an invasion of privacy. But Garvey might weigh his commendable concern for his members' civil rights against the need for a similar concern for their emotional, physical and—because cocaine doesn't come cheap—financial well-being. Cooperation between the

NFLPA and management is obviously needed to create a drug-control program that will ensure confidentiality by dealing directly with players, bypassing, whenever possible, both the clubs and NFL headquarters; drug-testing could be administered by an impartial medical board independent of both the league and the NFLPA. Efforts to educate players about the dangers of cocaine should meanwhile be stepped up. A program to keep NFL coaches and league and NFLPA officials informed about the scope of the problem and about how they can lend support to players messed up by drugs is also desirable.

Rozelle, Jackson and other NFL officials point out that the league has become more active in getting cocaine abusers into rehabilitation programs. That change occurred, Jackson says, after Hollywood Henderson came to him for help last year. “Henderson told me other players wouldn't ask for help because they were afraid of getting fined or traded,” Jackson relates. “He told me, ‘Momma didn't raise no fools.’” Jackson says he later talked to Rozelle, who pledged that the league would “change its position and treat drug abuse as a disease, with the emphasis on rehabilitation.”

As the views of Klein and Meyer suggest, however, more safeguards are necessary to insulate drug treatment from the clubs. And Rozelle's supposed conversion notwithstanding, he seems to backslide when he continues to cite as a positive action a \$5,000 fine he imposed on Reese as a condition for the latter's returning to the NFL following his prison term—although exactly what purpose was served by gratuitously fining a man already punished under the law isn't clear. Still, the fact that Rozelle, however belatedly, has now acknowledged the scope of the NFL's problem is a hopeful sign that the league may indeed be coming out of the Dark Ages on the subject. This development is applauded by, among others, Eller, who, in speaking out on his own troubles with alcohol and drugs, takes pains to warn of the perils inherent in freebasing cocaine. Freebasing, Eller says, “is enticing to athletes because of the quick rush of feeling you get from it. It's an instant elation, just like you get when you score a touchdown or sack a quarterback.”

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Hot And Getting Hotter

In sweltering Spain, England and Brazil shone in Round 1 of the World Cup finals, while Algeria was victimized by a foul fix

by CLIVE GAMMON

In Valencia, Spain late last Friday night, there was a double fiesta celebrating the feast of San Juan and the last game in Round 1 of the finals of el Mundial, soccer's World Cup. The locals, waving high the red and yellow flag of their nation, crammed the streets and plazas until the small hours despite mucho calor, heat so intense that even the Spaniards called it crazy for this time of year.

There was mucho calor in Cup play, too. The first round had been both the best and biggest in history, with 24 national teams battling to remain in the chase for perhaps the most prestigious and ugliest trophy in sport. With little countries like Algeria stunning the soccer world and only Brazil and England of the six seeds unbeaten and untied after Round 1, it was beginning to look as if expansion from 16 to 24 sides had been a smart idea. Certainly the game that preceded the celebration in Valencia had been a dandy. Only a few hours earlier, in a true shocker, Spain had been humbled by lightly regarded Northern Ireland.

continued

Yugoslavian attacker Petrovic (7) watches Gordillo head away a shot on Spain's goal.







Gasho Nkono led Cameroon to three ties and made this diving save against Poland.

WORLD CUP *continued*

The Spaniards had been predicting disaster for their team for close on two weeks, ever since, in front of King Juan Carlos and 45,000 of his mortified subjects, Spain had salvaged a tie against Honduras. The host country had kept its hopes alive by beating Yugoslavia 2-1—with the help of a dubious penalty. But now the laid-back Northern Irish—"Sure, the holiday could last a little bit longer," said Defender John McClelland—had beaten Spain 1-0 and become the surprise winner of Group Five.

Nevertheless, Spain qualified, if barely, for the second round, which was just as well, because there had been mucho calor on FIFA (Fédération Internationale de Football Association), the sport's governing body. Spain had been expected to get as far as the semifinals, or Round 3. A lot of gate receipts would have been lost had the hosts been knocked out in the opening round.

Spain's defeat by Northern Ireland was only the last of the astonishing results that occurred in what observers were calling the Third World Cup. Among other miracles, there was the first victory for Islam in Spain since Ferdinand and Isabella drove the Moors out in 1492. The outcome was, unbelievably,

Algeria 2, West Germany 1. The great Karl-Heinz Rummenigge, successor in the German imperial line to Franz Beckenbauer, was relegated to a supporting role on the sports pages by a slight, mustachioed fellow named Lakhdar Belloumi, Africa's player of the year, who was instrumental in the first Algerian goal and scored the second.

After that national disaster, a mob of German fans besieged their team's hotel

in Gijón "Burn them!" roared Herr Herrmann Erms, who had come all the way from Lower Saxony. By the middle of the round, though, it seemed that the Teutons' panic had been premature. Austria had put down Algeria 2-0, while the West Germans had overrun Chile 4-1. RUMMENIGGE, WIR LIEBEN DICH, rhapsodized a banner as West Germany-Chile



A penalty kick by Argentine Captain Daniel Passarella (15) is good against El Salvador.

began, and the blond idol required that love with a scintillating hat trick. That night Rummenigge's fans drank Gijon dry of beer, as well they might have: Their team and Austria's now seemed ready to qualify from Group Two.

Though the Algerians were still underestimated, they refused to lie down. They beat Chile 3-2, and so on last Friday a most intriguing situation had evolved. In Group Two's final game, the Germans had to beat Austria to advance to Round 2—and the Austrians themselves weren't entirely sure of getting there, either. Had they lost to West Germany by as many as three goals, Algeria would have had the same record but would advance on the basis of total goals.

All flights to Gijon were booked solid, and the city's El Molinón stadium was sold out. This could be the match of the round.

But what's the sound of one hand wishing the other? For half the game the 43,000 fans, most of them Spaniards, kept up a mighty, howling protest over the outrage that was being committed against Algeria.

The game started promisingly. The Germans swept down on a puny Austrian defense. In the second minute, Paul Breitner headed a shot against the crossbar, and in the 10th, Pierre Littbarski went dancing down the left wing to cross and leave Horst Hrubesch an easy header



The nonplay of West Germans like Rummenigge (in white) had enraged Algerians waving money, signifying that the fix was in.

into the net. At that point the few Algerians in the stands began visualizing a massive West German victory. And that would mean that an African team would make Round 2 for the first time ever.

But the Algerians, it turned out, had a lot to learn about the ways of World Cup soccer. The tempo of the game slowed. Rummenigge, notably, hung back. At half time the score was still 1-0—perfect for both the Germans and the Austrians. In the stands the first suspicions were arising.

In the second half, the evidence became abundantly clear. Rummenigge put on a show as he dribbled back toward his own goals. The Austrians square-passed, and the Germans rolled long balls back to their keeper, Harald Schumacher. The fix was clearly in. As a long cry of outrage began, Spaniards displayed thousands of fluttering white handkerchiefs. Money—read that "sellout"—was waved. Little groups of Algerians raised their star and crescent national flag as the police moved in with batons.

But the dirty deed had been done, and most cynical of all, when this parody of a game ended—still at 1-0—the players exchanged shirts as if a memorable battle had occurred. It was a day of ignominy for Germany, for Austria and for FIFA, which rejected Algeria's official protest,

in which the game was termed "a scandalous and immoral act."

With Algeria out, the last of the upstarts had been eliminated. But, thanks to the early shocks some of them had provided, the first round of the Mundial had flashed with brilliance.

There were the Kuwaitis, for instance, whose mascot, a camel hired in Morocco, paraded the streets of Valladolid tricked out in Kuwaiti blue and white. The side began the competition in style by holding the lethargic Czechs to a 1-1 tie.

The Kuwaitis blotted their copybooks, though, in their next game against France. Behind 3-0, they became incensed at an apparent fourth French goal. Their team president, Sheikh Fahad Al-Amed Al-Jaber Al-Sabah—brother of Kuwait's ruling emir—who had promised his players \$200,000 a man should they reach Round 2, stormed down from the VIP stand in full regalia, ready to order his team from the field. A police-attended melee followed, and, pusillanimously, Russian Referee Miroslav Stupar decided it had been no goal after all.

When the game finally started again, France got an undisputed fourth goal and the Kuwait Soccer Association a fine of 25,000 Swiss francs. "These people of FIFA are crazy," raged the sheikh the next day. "They are a mafia! They shout

continued



at me as if I was small student!" And new FIFA is on his tail again. It wants him to explain his remarks.

Round 1 was no fun at all, though, for El Salvador, which set a World Cup record in its first game by conceding 10 goals to Hungary. But the El Salvadorans hung in and lost quite respectably to Belgium (1-0) and Argentina (2-0), earning them a consolatory one or two.

Cameroon deserved a cheer or two, too. It went undefeated through the round, holding Peru, Poland and Italy to ties. It also had the dandiest uniforms of the Mundial—silly red, yellow and green—some ebullient fans and, in Thomas Nkono, a superb goalie whom European clubs are lining up to sign. However, not losing seemed to be all the Cameroonians had on their minds. Even in their last Group One match against Italy, which they had to win in order to advance, they packed their own goalmouth. When that game ended 1-1, they applauded one another as excitedly as if



En route to a game against Russia, Scottish fans raised sloganizing to a new high.

zurn, had looked merely blue from the start, holding on to tie Poland and Peru.

Only Poland emerged with honor in Group One, winding up the leader after cracking open Peru's defense with a five-goals-in-27-minutes blitz. That outburst also put in jeopardy the careers of Cesar Augusto Canales and his brother, Ramon, who had been retained by the Peruvians to put the hex on opponents by means of special herbs, clay dolls and magic rattles.

In Group Three, Argentina's task was to get itself together after being upset by Belgium in the inaugural, and much would depend on the form of its 21-year-old star, Diego Maradona. "Prima Dona" they were calling him in Spain, and sometimes "Maradollar," in sneering reference to his reported \$7.5 million contract for the next three years. He hadn't had the best of games against Belgium. Against Hungary, though, in a match Argentina had to win, Maradona again showed the combination of aggression and ballistic skills that have made him the world's most expensive athlete. He had 12 shots, six near misses, and two goals.

The Hungarians, crushers of El Salvador, were thus brushed aside 4-1. The unfortunately named Galathea Line of defenders—Pasarella, Olguin, Galvan and Tarantini—held firmer than its namesake, and Osvaldo Ardiles, controlling midfield, regained the confidence he so obviously lacked against Belgium.

Argentina went on to dispose of El Salvador 2-0 and advance to Round 2 as runner-up to Belgium.

The English, to the surprise of many, were doing splendidly. On the 167th anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo they took on the French again and trounced them 3-1. The game, played in debilitating 100° heat, included the fastest-ever World Cup goal—by Midfielder Bryan Robson after 27 seconds.



Northern Ireland upset Spain (in red) 1-0.

they had just won the World Cup itself.

This result also meant that Italy had skulked through to Round 2 by virtue of having scored just one more goal than Cameroon. The once proud *forza az-*



England went on to take out both Czechoslovakia and Kuwait, and it and Brazil were first to qualify for Round 2 and were the only teams with perfect records in the first phase.

In the south of Spain too, where Brazil played, there was *mucho calor*, and not only of the kind registered on the thermometer. A titanic early game between Brazil and the U.S.S.R.—Group Six was easily the strongest—was also a struggle between styles, the Soviets slotting passes into place as if they were doing a first job on Rubik's Cube and the Brazilians being inventive but uncoordinated in the early play. The U.S.S.R. got the first goal, and the score remained 1-0, until, with 16 minutes to go, the Soviets fell back into a defensive shell, an unwise tactic against the Brazilians. Socrates struck first and then, in the last moments, Eder. Brazil 2-1. The game would have made a fitting final.

As the round went on, the power of the Brazilians became more and more apparent—4-1 against Scotland, 4-0 against New Zealand. Said Andy Roxburgh, chairman of the Scottish Soccer Association, "Give our lads a paintbrush and they'll go to work on the back fence. Hand one to a Brazilian and he'll make like Leonardo."

It was always clear that Brazil would make it to Round 2, but last Tuesday night the Soviets had to fight off Scotland to gain the group's other qualifying spot. In fact, for a long hour it looked as if the Scots would win. Big Joe Jordan had headed them into the lead in the 15th



Maradona, here fouled by El Salvador, was toughest when Argentina needed him most.

minute, and then they ran themselves into the steaming ground. At 11 p.m. it was more than 80°. The U.S.S.R. pulled even after an hour and, only five minutes from the finish, went ahead 2-1. It had to be the end for Scotland, but no, the indomitable Graeme Souness came cutting in and tied the game 2-2 with four minutes left. In the last seconds the ball bobbed agonizingly in the Russian goalmouth. The miracle very nearly happened.

And so, as Ron Greenwood, England's coach, said last week, "Now for the start of the real World Cup." The field contracts to 12 teams playing in four groups, A, B, C and D, centered in Madrid and Barcelona. From this, the four semifinal-

ists will emerge. But the perfect orchestration of the semis implicit in the way the draw was manipulated in Madrid last January—it would have seen Spain play West Germany to produce a European finalist and a Brazil-Argentina clash to yield the Latin American contender—cannot take place.

Now the big South American crunch will come in the second round when, in Group C in Barcelona, Argentina and Brazil will meet. The European giants will slog it out when West Germany and England play in Group B. Group A will have at least one tough confrontation, the U.S.S.R. vs. Poland. Group D, with France, Northern Ireland and Austria, is on paper the least interesting, but who can tell?

One thing is for sure, whatever happens there will be *mucho calor*. **END**



Kuwait's Sheikh Fahad almost pulled his team off the field to protest a French goal.

Local Boy Makes Good, Local Team Makes Bad

Homegrown Kent Hrbek, the best rookie hitter in years, plays mightily for Minnesota, which has the worst record in the majors **by STEVE WULF**

Hratio Alger would have liked this story. Boy grows up near ball park, dreams of playing for hometown team, applies himself, fools scouts, signs with hometown team, jumps to big show, hits game-winning HR in debut, becomes threat to win Triple Crown in rookie season, hits Hrculean shots and leads hometown team to victory after victory.

That last part needs a little work, but otherwise, Kent Hrbek, the 22-year-old rookie first baseman of the Minnesota Twins, is the stuff of dreams. His team

happens to be the stuff of nightmares right now. Hrbek and the Twins are rushing headlong into baseball history. So is the place they play their home games.

At the end of last week, Hrbek was batting .330, with 49 RBIs, 15 homers and hitting streaks of 23 and 17 games. In the days of yore they would have called him the Bohemian Behemoth, although he's as gentle as a puppy. He may be headed for the best overall rookie year since Ted Williams' 1939 season. Yet on June 21 Hrbek wasn't among the eight

listed first basemen in the All-Star balloting. His 14-year-old sister Kerry was hoping to correct that oversight by writing Hrbek's name on at least 20 ballots a day until the voting concludes on July 4.

Through Sunday Minnesota was playing at a .247 clip and was 25½ games out of first place. The Twins have already been referred to as the Twinkies, the Tlooses and The Who. They are threatening the futility record of the 1916 Philadelphia Athletics (.235) as the worst team in baseball history; Minnesota's 18-55 mark at week's end is "ahead" of the pace set by the 40-120 New York Mets of 1962, the *losingest* team in history. On Father's Day, Manager Billy Gardner got a card from his 15-year-old son Billy Jr. that said, "Hang in there, Slick." Slick being the elder Gardner's nickname. Enclosed was a picture of Casey Stengel with the caption, "Can't Anybody Here Play This Game?"

The Twins aren't all that bad. And Hrbek may not be all that good, although his stats have held up his second time around the league. Only time will tell, and time is very important to Hrbek. Last year he found out that his father, Ed, was dying of amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, a/k/a Lou Gehrig's disease. Kent wanted to come home from California when he got the news, but his father told him to stay put. Ever since, the tears have given



The Metrodome is a spacious new baseball home for Clark and Calvin but it's a dangerous underworld for beleaguered pitchers.



Kerry Hrbek is leading her brother's All-Star write-in campaign with 20 ballots per day.

way to a tear. Hrbek ripped apart the Class A California League and he was batting .379 with 27 homers and 111 RBIs for the Twins' Visalia farm club when he was called to the majors on Aug. 24. In his first game, he homered in the 12th inning to beat the New York Yankees. He was playing Gehrig's position in Gehrig's stadium.

The Hrbeks live in Bloomington, Minn., two miles from where the Twins played until this year. When Kent was a youngster he could see the lights of the park from his bedroom window. This season, his folks have attended every game but one at the new Hubert H. Humphrey Metrodome in Minneapolis, and Kent had hit .355 at home through last week. In road games televised back to Minneapolis, he is batting .359.

The Hrbeks and friends sit in the last row of the lower deck behind home plate in the Metrodome. Sometimes they wear T-shirts that say, HERBIE'S SISTER, HERBIE'S DAD, HERBIE'S MOM, HERBIE'S PAL. . . . Kent has one emblazoned HERBIE. Ed's disease has left him unable to speak, and he has had to struggle to stand for the national anthem and the 10 homers his son has hit at home. But his eyes light up at the mention of that other notable player of Czechoslovakian descent, Elmer Valo. Happier people can't be found in the stadium.

Kent is one of more than a dozen seeds that Twins owner Calvin Griffith has thrown out on the field in the last two years. While Hrbek has taken root, others have been blown away. To carry the metaphor one step too far, Minnesota fans worry that Hrbek will be transplanted when the Twins decide they can no longer afford him. He's now making \$42,000 a year. Griffith, who is loath—both out of principle and because of economic necessity—to pay the big salaries that other owners do these days, isn't the most popular man in Minnesota. "I don't mind being called a dinosaur," says Calvin. "The dinosaurs were very strong people, er, things."

Griffith is in fact a likable man who



just happens to be stuck in the wrong era. He tends not to listen to his Dartmouth-educated son Clark—they're barely on speaking terms. Instead, Howard Fox, executive vice-president and longtime traveling secretary, has Calvin's ear. Fox came to the organization from the peanut business 35 years ago, which could be the reason peanuts best describes the Twins' salary structure.

Since April, Minnesota has dispatched to other teams the salaries of Roy Smal-

ley, Bud Wynegar, Roger Erickson, Rob Wilfong and Doug Corbett—\$1.6 million a year in all. Smalley, now playing for the Yankees, had more major league experience (seven years) before this season than Minnesota's current starting lineup. Twelve of the Twins' 25 players are rookies.

One would be justified in thinking the Twins have a lot of nerve putting such a lineup in a brand-new domed stadium where most tickets go for \$8. Even with

continued



KENT HRBEK, *continued*

those ticket prices, Minnesota needs to draw about 1.2 million fans to break even. Although attendance has increased by an average of 5,602 a game, the Twins will be lucky to bring in a million.

The Metrodome is quite nice, if you like that sort of thing. Pitchers certainly don't. At week's end 91 homers had been hit in the dome, 43 by the Twins. At that pace, 223 home runs will be hit in the Metrodome this season, shattering the indoor record of 182 set at Seattle's Kingdome in 1979. The mark for the Houston Astrodome is 115, set in 1970. The Metrodome has an outside chance of breaking the major league record established at Wrigley Field in Los Angeles, home of the Angels in 1961 and launching pad for 248 homers. "It's the prettiest place I've ever seen to watch a game," says Twins Pitcher Ron Davis of the Metrodome. "But it's just a terrible place to pitch in. The fences are short and the ball just jumps out of here."

While the distances in left—347 feet to the foul pole and 385 feet to the fence in left center—would seem to make it no pushover, the Metrodome is a piece of cake for left-handed sluggers like Hrbek, with the barrier in the rightfield power alley only 365 feet from home plate, second shortest in the league. The standard line for explaining all the homers is that the ball carries especially well in the Metrodome. That notion is derided by David Geiger, whose firm, Geiger Berger Associates, designed the stadium's translucent roof. "I think the real reason they're hit-

Davis misses the laughter that comes with winning, but his 2-7 record sure is no joke.

ting all the homers is that the lighting is better," he says.

There's yet another reason that the new home of college football's Minnesota Gophers has become the home of the gopher ball. "The fans like to see home runs," says Clark Griffith, "and we have assembled a pitching staff for their enjoyment." Having surrendered 97 homers through Sunday, Minnesota pitchers were in position to break the major league record of 220 set by the Kansas City A's in 1964. Now you know why there's a box of Alka-Seltzer on Gardner's desk. Inside are 14 packets, one for each of the losses in the Twins' recent club-record streak.

Gardner has tried to use humor to deflect the frustration of constant losing, but he's also very protective of his players. He feels the umpires are taking advantage of them because they're inexperienced, and he was absolutely incensed last week when Britt Burns of the White Sox failed to get a warning after he hit Twins Third Baseman Gary Gaetti in the head with a pitch. "It would be one thing if he came off the mound to apologize, but he just glared at him," Gardner says. "He was trying to intimidate my kids. That was the third time he threw at their heads."

Gardner has had to do a little baby-sit-

ting because some of his players aren't ready for the majors. One pitcher was literally afraid to throw the ball to the plate, and one hitter is afraid to step into the box. Being rushed to the majors may also have had a deleterious effect on Centerfielder Jim Eisenreich, who two weeks ago went on the disabled list for the second time this season because of a nervous disorder. A very talented outfielder with a .303 average, Eisenreich has hyperventilated so severely on several occasions that he had to be removed from the game.

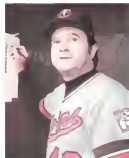
Hrbek isn't the only bright spot, though. Through Sunday Tom Brunansky, acquired from the Angels for Corbett and Wilfong, had 10 homers, and he and Hrbek were looking as if they could give the Twins the best three-four power punch in the division for years. Rookie Ron Washington, finally given a chance at the age of 30, has been playing a steady shortstop while batting .278.

"Sure, the Twins are talented," says White Sox Pitcher Jerry Koosman. "But every team has talent. The difference is experience. My wife is talented around the house, but she also has experience. I wouldn't trade her for two 20-year-olds." Koosman was traded by the Twins last year for one 20-year-old and two 23-year-olds.

The Twins' pitching has been frightful. When righthander John Pacella arrived from Columbus as part of the Wynegar

At age 30 and after a decade of trying, Washington is safely in the major leagues.





Gardner's lineup hasn't been very slick.

deal with the Yankees, Gardner wanted to know if he could start that very night. On another occasion Gardner asked a pitcher if he was tired. When the pitcher said no, that it was only the first inning, Gardner replied, "Well, the outfielders sure are." No pitcher had an ERA of less than 4.00 at week's end, and the best guy on the staff was the fellow named Others at the bottom of the stat sheet—he had four wins, two complete games and three saves. The Twins had lost three games in the seventh inning, seven games in the eighth, four in the ninth and all nine of their extra-inning games. Their best relievers, Terry Felton and Davis, were 0-8 and 2-7, respectively.

Three members of the Twins, Davis, Larry Milbourne and Bobby Castillo, played in the World Series last year for New York and Los Angeles. Milbourne isn't taking it well—he wants out. Castillo doesn't mind; he has been the most consistent starter after years of relieving. Davis, who rapped the Twins' trades, is now philosophical. "What you miss is the laughter after a game," he says. "Here, there's sadness."

One of the ironies of the Twins' situation is that if it weren't for the legendary Griffith nepotism, Hrbek might never have been found. He was a first baseman and pitcher at Kennedy High in Bloomington, but the Twins only found out about him because Smokey Teawalt, the No. 3 man in concessions behind his brother-in-law, Tommy Bourdoulis, saw Hrbek play against his son. Teawalt told Jimmy Robertson, the No. 1 man in concessions and Calvin's brother, "Calvin took the surname Griffith when he was

adopted in 1923.) Angelo Giuliani, a longtime Twins scout, was sent to take a look. Hrbek had escaped the attention of other scouts, even after attending tryout camps held by the Reds and Dodgers.

Despite Giuliani's glowing recommendations, the Twins waited until the 17th round of the June 1978 draft before picking Hrbek. Farm Director George Brophy was hesitant to offer Hrbek too much money—what else is new?—but the Twins had already let such native Minnesotans as Dave Winfield and Paul Molitor slip past. Calvin went to see the lad himself. "Great stroke," he recalls. "I know talent. Other owners think they know talent, but I know talent."

Last year at Visalia, Hrbek came into his own. The Visalia Times-Delta compared him to Ted Williams, and teammates started calling him Ted. "The last week before I was called up," Hrbek says, "this clothing store had a promotion in which it would give away a pair of pants to the first player who hit a home run in a game. I think I won four pairs that week. I had to order them by phone, though, because I was already in the major leagues. Thirty-six extra long."

When Hrbek arrived at Yankee Stadium, he was star-struck. "I watched Reggie and Winfield run by, and I wanted to just go up and meet them and shake their hand—but you don't do that," he says. "If I'd had a pen and paper, I'd have asked for their autographs." In the 12th inning of that first game, Pitching Coach Johnny Podres said to Hrbek, "C'mon, kid. I've got to get a cocktail." Hrbek hit George Frazier's 2-2 fastball over the right-field wall. "What I had done really didn't hit me until I got home a few days later," he says. "I woke up that morning and there on the wall was a picture of Yankee Stadium I had put up as a kid."

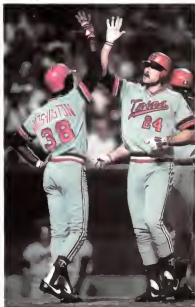
Although he stands 6' 4" and has to work to keep his weight down to 215, he isn't the stereotypical slugging first baseman. He's surprisingly fast. "I've gotten a number of infield hits because the infielders didn't realize I could run," he says. But mostly he hits. Through Sunday he led the majors in slugging percentage at .609. He is challenging the

rookie slugging record of .621 established by George Watkins of the 1930 Cardinals and the rookie home run record of 38 set by Walter Berger in 1930 and equaled by Frank Robinson in '56. His statistics could look very much like Ted Williams' did in '39. .327 with 31 homers and 145 RBIs, although he'd have to go some to match that last figure. Williams' own appraisal is that Hrbek has "a great swing."

Hrbek has no trouble with lefties or curveballs, both of which he's seeing with increasing frequency. He's hitting .389 against southpaws, although most of his power has come against righthanders. "When we were out in California, Rod Carew suggested I open my stance up more against lefties, and it's really helped," says Hrbek.

Perhaps the ultimate compliment was paid Hrbek by Texas Manager Don Zimmer. On June 18, with two outs, nobody on and the Rangers leading 3-2 in the ninth, he ordered Hrbek intentionally walked. The next batter grounded out. "The only other time I've done it was with Aaron," said Zimmer. "But I wasn't going to let the kid beat us with a home run." Maybe next time. **END**

Brunansky gives Minnesota Twin towers of power.



They Showed The Way In Norway

Or, ah, they didn't go slow in Oslo, Steve Scott, Mary Decker Tabb and Alberto Salazar establishing American records by **CRAIG NEFF**



Finishing ahead of Maree, Scott saw 3:48.53—a U.S. mile record—flash on the timer.

For eight days, Alberto Salazar had been holed up on a remote farm in Vikersund, Norway (pop. 1,292), thinking only of the 10,000-meter race he would run at last Saturday's Bislett Games in Oslo. "This will be my biggest 10 of the year—by far," he said on Friday. "I wanted no distractions." Salazar knew he was on the edge of world-record fitness: Two quick 5,000-meter races in May and June had told him that. And so to hold his sharpness, he had arranged to stay on the farm of the Norwegian national distance coach, Johann Kaggstad, in Vikersund, an hour west of Oslo. There, distracted only by the Kaggstads' three kids and their pet chicken, he had relaxed, taking light runs through the forest and occasionally chugging around the farm on an old tractor. "It was just perfect," he would say later. "So quiet and uneventful." That serenity, however, was to be short-lived.

Hardly had Salazar reached the Bislett Stadium starting line Saturday night when he heard Meet Director Arne Haukvik speaking in Norwegian over the P.A. system. Suddenly, from the crowd of 7,032 came a storm of shrill, derisive whistles. Then Haukvik spoke in English, saying, "The International Amateur Athletic Federation has requested that we not allow any Kenyan athletes to participate in this meet. . . ." Salazar himself felt like whistling. He was about to lose the two runners he needed most in his race: Peter Koeh, the rabbit, whose job it was to pull Salazar through 5,000 meters in 13:38, and Henry Rono, the 10,000 world-record holder (27:22.4), who would push Salazar to the very finish.

"Go back about 20 yards and pretend you're not going to run," Salazar told Rono. "Then, right before the gun, sprint up and jump in with us." Rono just smiled. He had no intention of withdrawing from the race. Neither did Koeh. They both stood patiently at the starting line as meet officials verbally threatened them. "What could we do?" said one of-

ficial later. "This is Norway. You cannot manhandle someone. You cannot punch him out." The whistles, clearly in sympathy with Rono and Koech, grew louder, even while a few of the runners began staring at the Kenyans, annoyed by the delay they were causing. Rono and Koech didn't budge.

The IAAF order had come at the request of the Kenya Amateur Athletic Association, which wanted all its best athletes competing on this day at a meet among the U.S., West Germany and Africa in Durham, N.C. Said U.S. miler Steve Scott, who later in the evening would himself create a stir, "It's saddening. It's ridiculous. It shouldn't be happening. Let the runners run." And, indeed, after several more minutes of waiting, the full complement of runners was sent off by the starter's pistol.

It took two laps for all 27 competitors to jostle into line, and after they had, there was Salazar safely tucked in behind Koech in second place. Perfect position for a record. The weather was ideal, too—a temperature of 55°, with a whisper of breeze—as was the site. Over the years 40 world records had been tied or broken on the worn, patched Tartan surface of the Boslett track. Now, on every lap, rhythmic clapping exhorted the runners toward record No. 41.

Even though Koech slowed and dropped back several laps too early, Salazar, now in the lead, passed the 5,000-meter mark right on schedule, at 13:38. However, 35-year-old Carlos Lopes of Portugal, the 1976 Olympic silver medalist in the 10,000, was hanging on his outside shoulder, and Rono, who earlier had

been as far back as ninth, had moved up to fifth, only 10 meters behind Salazar. By 6,000 meters Rono was on Lopes' shoulder in third, and as the race neared the 7,000 mark, he went into the lead.

Salazar quickly regained first place, but despite surges of his own he was unable to shake off Lopes, Rono and two other pursuers, Alex Hagelsteens of Belgium and Julian Gosser of Great Britain. As the five battled on the turns, young fans reached over and pounded on the sheet-metal advertising signs that lined the trackside wall, creating the effect of crashing cymbals, almost thunder.

The final lap was a sprint. The 30-year-old Rono, who had beaten Salazar 27:29.90 to 27:30.00 in a 10,000 in Eugene, Ore. in April, blew past him again on the first turn, followed by the short, wiry Lopes. Salazar fought back. "It wasn't that I didn't sprint fast enough," he would say later. "I just didn't sprint soon enough." Salazar caught and passed Rono entering the final turn, but by then Lopes had 10 meters on both of them. Salazar closed that gap only slightly before crossing the finish line in second.

"Verdensrekord?" spectators asked each other, but Lopes' 27:24.39 clocking (the second-best ever) had missed Rono's world mark by 1.99 seconds. "Amerikansrekord," mumbled some other fans. Indeed, Salazar's 27:25.61 had lowered Craig Virgin's U.S. 10,000 mark, set in 1980, by 3.55 seconds. Salazar, completely drained by his effort, sat with his head between his knees for five minutes. "I beat Rono," he finally said, smiling weakly. Rono had by then vanished, having received no official time or placing.

Both Norwegian meet officials and Norwegian women, meanwhile, were becoming a bane to Mary Decker Tabb. She had wanted to run against Grete Waitz in the 5,000 at Bislett, but Waitz allegedly had told Haakvik that if he let the American world-record holder into the 5,000, then she, Waitz, who two years ago received more votes than even 79-year-old King Olav in a Norwegian popularity poll, would pull out of the meet. Thus,

Salazar (left) was second to Lopes, but set a U.S. record in the 10,000.



Decker Tabb also set a U.S. mile mark.

Decker Tabb had been offered only a spot in the women's mile. "Poor sportsmanship, that's what I call it," she said before the meet. "Waitz is afraid I'll out-kick her and set a world record." Decker Tabb wasn't disappointed when Waitz won the 5,000 in 15:08.80—more than half a second off Decker Tabb's month-old mark. "Mary Decker Tabb is much faster than I," admitted Waitz. "She will someday run in the 14:50s. I am not a good competitor for her."

A worse competitor for Decker Tabb was Norwegian quarter-miler Marit Eriksen, the rabbin for the women's mile, who turned the first lap in an absurdly fast 61 seconds. "No! Slow down!" yelled Ron Tabb, Mary's husband, from the edge of the track. Decker Tabb slowed down plenty when she went into oxygen

continued



debt on the ensuing lap. Her next quarters took nearly 70 seconds each. Still, going into the bell lap she led everyone else by, as usual, a furlong or so.

Into the first turn, Decker Tabb was greeted by vigorous sign pounding. "It sounded like they still thought I could break the world record," she said later. Coming into the home stretch, she caught sight of a digital timer just past the finish line, and she sprinted toward it. "I just kept watching the click, click, click," she said. Her time was 4:21.46.

"Don't look at me like that," said Mary when she got to her husband. "Ron, it wasn't my fault she went out so fast. . ."

"How many times did I warn you?"

After several minutes talking with Waitz—no hard feelings, Grete—Decker Tabb glanced over at the track and poked her husband in the ribs. "Look how fast they're going," she said.

The fourth annual Dream Mile was under way, and rabbits Bob Benn of Great Britain and Pat Scammel of the U.S. were leading a swarm of 15 runners

bumpy out there," said Scott, whose American record of 3:49.68 was being challenged. "Every time I tried to move up, someone would cut me off."

Still, by the end of three laps, Scott was right on Maree's tail at the front of the race. As they came through three-quarters in a swift 2:53.3, it was clear that more than just victory would be at stake on the final lap.

Maree, a native of South Africa now close enough to full U.S. citizenship to qualify to hold an American record, maintained his lead down the backstretch and into the last turn. "At 150 meters I thought I had it," he would say. "Then I saw his shadow coming up." Scott came wide off the final turn and charged straight down the belly of the track. Seventy meters from the finish, he edged past Maree. "But I couldn't move away from Sydney," said Scott. "I could see his shadow."

Scott had three yards on Maree at the finish. As Decker Tabb had done earlier, Scott watched the digital timer during his final sprint. "When I saw it hit 3:47, I knew I'd done it," he said. What he'd done was hit the tape in 3:48.53 and improved his American record. Only Sebastian Coe (3:47.33) and Steve Ovett (3:48.40), both of Great Britain, have ever run faster. And the runners behind Scott also had sensational times: Maree, 3:48.85; David Moorcroft of Great Britain, 3:49.34; New Zealand's John Walker, 3:49.50; Flynn, 3:50.54. Bot? No time, no place. In all, four of history's 13 fastest miles had been run.

The Oslo mile—in fact, the whole meet—had also cast a different light on the upcoming three-race series (3,000 meters, 800 meters and mile) between Coe and Ovett scheduled to begin with a 3,000 in London on July 17. Coe, the world-record holder at 800 and 1,000 meters as well as the mile, withdrew from Bislett because of sore shins, while Ovett, in finishing second to Suleiman Nyamburi in the 3,000, showed the effects of the torn thigh muscle he suffered in a training-run fall last December. With Scott, Maree and others entered in the so-called Coe races, the two Britons may soon encounter further pain, that of losing.

"You always hear how Coe-Ovett is something to talk about," said Scott after his victory. "Pretty soon I think Scott-Maree is going to be something to talk about, too." In fact, like much of the Bislett meet, it already is.

END



For thinking it finer not to be in Carolina, Rono was hassled by officials, and Bolt had his number removed before the mile.



Decker Tabb had broken her own U.S. record of 4:21.68 and nearly reached the world mark of 4:20.89 held by Lyudmila Veselkova of the Soviet Union. She has now set U.S. or world records six times this year. "Well, now at least we know she can run a good last lap," said Ron, shaking his head.

through a blistering first lap. This race, too, had been delayed by a Kenyan presence: Mike Bolt had even had his number removed by a muscle-headed official. As if inspired—or incensed—by that, Bolt was running a strong third, followed by Sydney Maree. They passed the quarter-mile mark in :55.6 and the half in 1:52.4, still in mob formation. And they were on American-record, perhaps world-record, pace.

Scott, however, was stuck in the middle of what was a dangerously rough pack. When Ireland's Ray Flynn was shoved on the third turn of the third lap, his left foot kicked up and slashed into Scott's left thigh. "I was lucky to keep my balance at all," said Flynn. "It was

Ahh, the beer with the taste for food!



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No Fish Story: Golf's Top Lady

JoAnne Carner prefers her husband's company and their fishing retreat to the recognition she's due as the LPGA's alltime leading money-winner

by BARRY McDERMOTT

JoAnne Carner is 43 now. She's obviously on the back nine of her career, older than Billie Jean King by four years, older than Jack Nicklaus or Lee Trevino, almost as old as Gaylord Perry, and she says she isn't even thinking of retiring.

But you've got to retire sometime, JoAnne.

"I'm not going to retire," says Carner firmly. "You retire. I'm never going to retire."

Few people seem aware that in her own quiet way Carner is now playing the best golf of her life. Last year she earned more money than all 18 rookies who qualified for the tour in 1981 and in the last three years she has won more tournaments than anyone else on the circuit. With her next tour victory, her 35th, she will automatically qualify for the LPGA Hall of Fame. Yet the question is always the same: When are you going to quit? "Quit?" snorts Carner. "I'm just getting started."

Carner might be the best woman ever to put hands on a golf club, but she has too often been in the wrong place at the wrong time. During the 1960s, before her marriage, she was JoAnne Gunderson and knocking 'em dead on the amateur circuit, winning five U.S. Amateur crowns. They called her The Great Gundy, and when she occasionally ventured out onto the pro circuit, she was just that. In six pro tournaments The Great Gundy won once and finished second twice. But women's golf was different then: Starvation City. "They were a tough bunch," Carner says. "They'd try and needle me on the practice tee. So I'd come to the course and not practice. Boy,

that really got to 'em. They didn't know that I was practicing somewhere else."

When she finally joined the tour in 1970, she inexplicably lost her swing. By the time she found it again, the tour had changed. There were all these fresh new kids with nice smiles and winning personalities out there: Laura Baugh, Sally Little, Hollis Stacy, Nancy Lopez, Beth Daniel. Women's golf was hot, but Carner was old news.

Last year Carner should have made headlines. By late in the season she had won \$206,648 and was atop the money standings. But the last two events were in Japan, and Carner, a bit of a homebody, decided not to go. Beth Daniel did. In the second tournament she birdied the final hole, finished second and won \$19,600. That gave her the money title by \$249. Carner read about it in the newspaper the next day at her home in Palm Beach, Fla. *Wrong place.*

Hardly anyone realizes that Carner is the leading money-winner in LPGA history, with \$1,205,132. Kathy Whitworth got a ton of publicity in '81 when she became the first to surpass \$1 million in earnings. But Carner, who started 11 years after Whitworth, caught and passed her late that season. *Wrong time.*

What people have lost sight of (or never had in focus) is Carner's unapproachable record over the last 8½ of her 12 years as a pro, a span in which she has won \$1 million and 25 tournaments. Whitworth, who won her 82nd and 83rd career tournaments this year and thus tied and then passed Mickey Wright for the alltime lead, won 12 titles in the same span. In the last 3½ seasons, the compari-





Carner can string together trout as expertly as birdies.

son is even more dramatic: Carner has 13 wins, Whitworth just three. While the number of titles won by Wright and Whitworth is monumental, both would admit they had minimal competition when they were racking up most of them.

Carner isn't only durable; she is also unique. She is the only player to have won all three major women's USGA competitions: the Junior, Amateur and Open titles. As an amateur she also was undefeated in five Curtis Cup singles matches, and in USGA match play tournaments she won close to 90% of the time.

Last season, in recognition of her invariably sunny disposition, the USGA presented her the Bob Jones Award for sportsmanship. When Carner heard about it, she said, "I thought you had to be dead to win that."

Her mentor, friend and occasional fishing companion is 70-year-old Sam Sneed. It's Sneed who counsels her when her swing goes bad. "Of all I ever saw, I'd have to put JoAnne first, Mickey Wright second," says Sneed. "She's got the tools. There's nothing that beats strength, and JoAnne's strong. I told her she should win half the tournaments. If she would just make her mind up, 'I can give these cats two a side,' and just go out and burn 'em, she'd win all the time."

Sneed has great fondness for Carner because he knows when he joins JoAnne and her husband, Don, for dinner, for fishing or for golf, he has to go like crazy to beat her—at drinking, hooking a trout or making birdies. Last year she shot a 69 against him. That day Sam had a 64. "But I had to about birdie the back nine to do it," he says.

Sneed isn't the only male golfer to sweat a little when paired with Carner. A few years ago she played an exhibition with Arnold Palmer. They both cracked long drives off the 1st tee. Out in the fairway, Palmer strode confidently past the

shorter ball. Stopping at the second, he bitched up his pants and looked down. Then he looked again. And bent over to make sure. Then sheepishly he walked back to his drive. Carner had outthim. The 1st hole was a par 5. Palmer birdied it. Carner eagled it.

Carner's swing is more like a man's than a woman's. It's beautiful in its simplicity. No lunch and away. Coming into the ball, she uses the strength of her legs and hips. "The ground shakes when she hits it," says Sandra Palmer, the golfer who nicknamed Carner Big Momma at the 1976 U.S. Open when Cienar bent her in a playoff.

To a large degree Carner's remarkable record as a player can be traced to the stability of her homelife. She has been married for 18 years to the same guy. It's a difficult and delicate role she plays—Traveling Career Woman and Breadwinner—one that has destroyed many promising marriages in the sports, entertainment and business worlds. In all that time, JoAnne and Don have been separated only 10 days. The figure would be higher except that when JoAnne heads for Japan—which Don can do without—she usually gets about as far as Los Angeles before she starts missing her man and turns around and comes back.

It's Don who signs the checks and drives the car. Down through the years, he says they've missed out on only a couple of things. "Kids and animals," he says. "You can't have 'em out on the tour. Plants last about a month."

And so Carner has worked out her own solution to the dilemma of how to have a career and a homelife, too. For a long time, she and Don had no fixed abode, plying the country's two-lane blacktops by trailer. Recently, they bought a one-bedroom co-op in Palm Beach, where they stay during the off-season. But they still travel the tour in a 31-foot trailer; about the farthest away that Don ever gets from JoAnne is when he's outside the gallery ropes.

Among her peers, Carner is respected for what she is: a terrific player, and a fanlover who likes to roll the dice, down a Scotch and tell a story with a laugh at the end. "Big Momma" fits. The name originally described her girth and tee shots. Now that she's in her 40s, it also signifies her position as the tour's doyenne. If a young player has a problem, chances are Carner has the solution.

continued





Bluegrass at the Tennessee camp is a welcome change from the perils of bent grass.

JOANNE CARNER *continued*

When they're off the course, Don and JoAnne like to fish at their hideaway in the Smoky Mountains of Tennessee. They also enjoy riding their trail bikes. In her helmet and sunglasses, Carner is a motorcycle momma. They're uncommonly comfortable together. Don is like a good pitching wedge to her. You find a good club, you hold on to it. The only things they won't talk about are her weight and his age. She was 24 when they married. Don probably was close to 50. You figure it out. As for her weight, it goes up and down. When Don starts mentioning it, JoAnne goes on a diet.

This spring, when the pictures for this article were being shot, Don was less than happy. One day he blurted out, "Ev-

ery time I look at a picture of myself, I get sick 'cause I see how old I am."

"Don is a special guy," says golfer Don Germann, a friend of the Carners'. "He's retired, so he can go everywhere with her. Most guys wouldn't even want to be around. Their egos would get in the way. But Don really enjoys it. There aren't many couples out here in which both people think it's a good deal. JoAnne has the perfect tour life. In fact, the tour has become her life." Retire? To what? Carner already is home.

Around the tour Don is regarded as a golf nut. He admits that as a young man he lost his first job, as a salesman, because he played so much golf he got lumps on his fingers and never had time for business appointments. He's much more than a cheerleader for his wife.

"Doo makes all the decisions," JoAnne says. She sounds happy about it. "Don complains that his paperwork fills up three briefcases, but he loves it."

He also broods about JoAnne's swing. Sometimes in the middle of the night, Don will sit up in bed, struck with, say, the conviction that JoAnne is addressing the ball with her club face slightly closed. "He's my Number One critic, in a nice way," says JoAnne. "If I do something wrong, he'll come right out and say it isn't right. It keeps me sharp."

JoAnne claims she and Don have never had a fight—bargain even any cross words. "It's not worth it," she says. "Most people argue over the dumbest things. Oh, when I first started playing, we had trouble because I always faded the ball and Don hooked it. We couldn't get our thinking together."

On most subjects Don is the only person able to sway JoAnne. When she was a kid living with her family in Kirkland, Wash., growing up without a doll, her older brother, Bill, told her she would never be a good golfer because she used a baseball grip and stepped into the ball. "He quit playing when I started outdriving him," says JoAnne. Later, as the best amateur in the country, she refused to play in the U.S. Women's Open because the USGA tried to force her to enter the tournament, making selection to the Curtis Cup team contingent upon it. Then during the early '70s, a cataclysmic period in her career, when her swing left her, Carner plugged away on the practice tee. "We knew she would keep at it even if it took 100 years to get it right," recalls Whitworth. Finally, when she became a big winner and could have cashed in at the endorsements and personal appearances windows, JoAnne stuck with Doo. The outside work would have cut into their time together.

This decision cost her some publicity as well as money, but so what. JoAnne would be the first to admit that her solid construction precluded pinup shots. These days, the tour's baby dolls wear sun visors promoting a lingerie company. Carner sports a visor embroidered with the name of a refrigerator manufacturer, an apt connection when you consider that the refrigerator is her favorite home appliance. "Miss Piggy," she calls herself. Speaking of the recent rush to put glamour and sex appeal into the game, Carner says, "What they really need out here is more cellulite."

Don and JoAnne are prudent bikers, but for a snapshot they'll unsnap their helmets.



Carnier has a wry, self-deprecating attitude about things in general. When the tour visits Las Vegas, the locker room conversation touches on whether she can win enough money in the tournament to get her even at the tables. And each year during the weeks leading up to Vegas, Carnier organizes a blackjack game in the locker room—a little pregame work-out. But nothing seems to help. "I still lose," she says.

It's probably what keeps her coming back. Carnier is so accustomed to winning that she's surprised when she doesn't. In high school she played on an undefeated tennis doubles team one year, even though she had picked up a racket for the first time in her life only two weeks before the opening match. And she took up bowling, a game at which she is pretty good, "as soon as I heard golfers weren't supposed to do it."

In 1979 Carnier sprained both wrists when she fell while riding her trail bike. During her six weeks of recuperation, she put on 45 pounds. When she returned to the tour at Wheeling, W. Va., playing a course that was nothing but hills, a caddy took one look at her and gasped, "Momma, you ain't ever going to make it around this place."

Carnier set her chin. "You just watch me," she said.

Each day when she finished her round, the caddies gathered near the 18th green and gave her a hand. Carnier waved back.

In 1980, slimmed down to just big, Momma won \$185,916 and five tournaments. Last season she won another four titles and averaged 71.75 strokes a round, the best of her career. This year she has won two tournaments and \$162,588 in prize money, tops on the LPGA's money list. And her scoring average is down again, to 71.71. "Other than being a little stiff in the morning, I don't see any changes," she says.

One important thing that has never changed is that golf cannot get the best of her, which may be the main reason she has lasted so long. Golf is a mental game and wears on the finest players, but anytime it seems to be stealing an edge on her, she and Don quit and head for the mountains.

The Carniers' Tennessee home is in a fishing camp in the Cherokee National Forest, about halfway between Knoxville and Chattanooga. They live in a mobile home with a redwood deck that juts over the Tellico River, a white-water stream

that whooshes past their bedroom. Just outside their door a little slough runs down to the river. A sign somewhat frivolously marks it as: CRIPPLE CREEK. The Carniers' place is in, as Don puts it, "to-bacco chewin', wood whittlin' country," and JoAnne is the pride of The Green Cove Trailer Camp. The store up the road has a bulletin board loaded with newspaper stories about her.

Around the camp the Carniers are regarded as good, plain folk who can be counted upon if needed. On Saturday nights everyone gathers at one end of the row of trailers, and a bonfire is lit. On a makeshift stage a banjo player, a fiddler and a guitarist play bluegrass. Toddlers are balanced on grandmothers' knees. And everyone sits and rocks back and forth, listening to the music, clapping hands, feeling good about being alive and enjoying life at a walk.

It's a good life for Don and JoAnne. Don still remembers the day he and JoAnne first met, at the Miami Airport in 1961; they had been paired for the National Mixed Foursome tournament in Jupiter, and he was picking her up. She was a senior at Arizona State. He was by then a successful businessman from Providence. Don was so impressed that he can recall most of the shots from their first round. He fell in love with her drives. He couldn't believe a woman could hit the ball so far.

They would meet in Chicago, midway between his Providence home and hers in Seattle, for dates. After he and JoAnne were married, he sold all his businesses—electronics, real estate, billboards and jewelry—and opened an 18-hole golf course in Seekonk, Mass. Like JoAnne, Don learned the game on public courses. Even when he was successful in business, with a maid and a butler and a putting green in his backyard, it irked him that though he belonged to four golf clubs, the snooty country club in Providence wanted nothing to do with him. So his course, a par 60, was public. Don and JoAnne built it. Don planted 300 trees, and the putting surfaces were oddly shaped: like a heart, a kidney, even a figure-eight with an extra loop. JoAnne ran the snack bar and won the U.S. Amateur on her vacation.

Finally, when she was 30, Don convinced her to turn pro. He thought it would be a tragedy if the woman he thought was the best golfer ever didn't have a chance to prove it.



Big Momma gives a putt big body English.

Down through the years he has had to face the consequences of that decision. People look at you sort of funny when you cash your wife's paycheck. "It never occurred to me that I'm living off of JoAnne," he says. "We have a common goal, working together. I've got my own money. I don't need JoAnne's money. The secret to our marriage is that we don't make it hard on ourselves. Life's too short. If a situation arises and it looks like it's going to be a problem, we don't have anything to do with it."

"If Don doesn't like it, or I don't like it, we don't do it," says JoAnne. "A perfect example is the reunion of the Curtis Cup team. I said, 'What's Don going to do, sit around the hotel room while I talk to the girls?' I wouldn't go."

When JoAnne was struck with the shanks during her early pro years, there was one thing she could count on. At night, when she had a recurring nightmare—she was walking across a drawbridge and suddenly it started to rise—she would awaken and Don would be there beside her. Now, as always, when they have their first drink of the day together, JoAnne looks at Don and raises her glass. "Cheers," she says.

It's a good life.

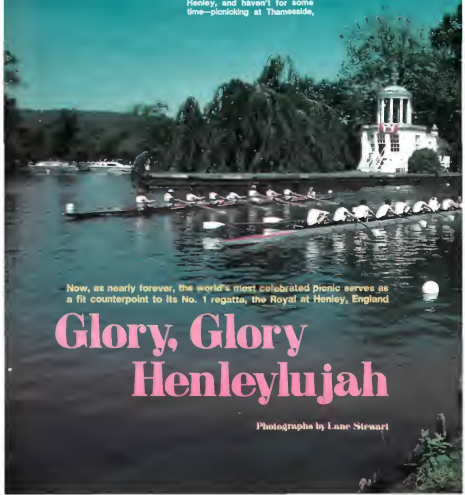
The hard news from Henley, that small jewel of a Thames River town 35 miles west of London, is that 256 boats from 11 countries are entered in its Royal Regatta this week. The soft news, and vastly more important, is that the temple of rowing and its worshipers should look almost exactly as it and they

did last year and the year before that and... Which in turn means that in a world in which nearly everything is meant to be disposable, Henley isn't.

This is the 143rd anniversary of the regatta. And while it's true that a number of its traditions have ebbed away—for example, Oxford and Cambridge oarsmen no longer bring their university servants to Henley, and haven't for some time—picnicking at Thameside,

following the boats by bike on the towpath, languidly punting within view of the racing, breaking out blazer and boater; these endure. It is this Henley that is celebrated on these pages.

There is, in fact, a "Temple" at Henley. It's the fanciful structure pictured below; at the far end of

A rowing team in a long boat on the water, with a white building on the shore in the background.

Now, as nearly forever, the world's most celebrated picnic serves as a fit counterpoint to its No. 1 regatta, the Royal at Henley, England

Glory, Glory Henleylujah

Photographs by Lane Stewart

this island the races start. They finish one mile and 550 yards upstream. A boom in the middle of the river marks one side of the racecourse, and beyond the boom a cheery armada of small spectator craft plies back and forth, floating downstream with the current

and then working upstream again.

This year's onlookers will see women rowers, as last year's did for the first time at Henley. Their advent didn't cause much of a ripple—nothing at all compared with the first appearance, in 1954, of Soviet oarsmen, strangers so exotic they might have arrived from the moon, or the fuss over Jack Kelly Jr., Princess Grace's brother, and the Diamond Sculls he won in 1947 in revenge for his dad's having been snubbed in 1920.

But generally, Americans have been made to feel more than welcome at the regatta, and on this Independence Day weekend they could row up a storm. Of the four boats entered in the foremost race, the Grand Challenge Cup for heavyweight eights, two are from the United States, representing the University of California and Yale.



Doomsday will be at hand if ever Henley's faithful of a certain age discard the blazers and garden-party finery that are impervious to fashion's whims. The pearls are optional.







While the Charles River Rowing Association of Boston sprints, Private Spectators & Hound, Ltd. take their time. Overleaf, a Thameside family packs it in after a day's regatta viewing.













Immemorial: Fine old punts, acres of white canvas sheathing and a lad and lass on the grass. New: women rowers competing on the Thames, among them the 1980 Rowing Club's coxed Four from Boston.



You wear proper clothes to patch up people or start a race, to be a smash in the Stewards' Enclosure or simply to be recognized, by your pink cap, as a member of the Leander Club.

Which rowing uniforms prevailed?
Those of the Oxford and Thames
Tradesmen crew, foreground.





Merrymaking Trinity of Dublin, in full regalia, must have beaten Yale in the Ladies' Challenge Plate, right? Nope, but that's Henley.





Soto isn't so-so anymore

Cincinnati's Mario Soto has a striking mix of fastballs and changeups

Mario Soto of the Cincinnati Reds is baseball's latest and most unusual strikeout sensation, a rare combination of fire and ice. Most strikeout leaders pour on the big heat and keep hitters honest with an occasional curve or slider. Soto, a 25-year-old Dominican right-hander whose 135 Ks led both leagues at the end of last week, relies on a blend of fastballs and changeups.

Soto's fastball averages 94 mph and his changeup a mere 84. No wonder hitters aren't exactly sure what's coming at them. When Soto beat the Dodgers 10-2 with 10 strikeouts last week, Steve Garvey, who fanned once, praised Mario's fastball; Pedro Guerrero, who whiffed twice, blamed the changeup. Cincinnati Manager John McNamara, no fool he, refused to disclose which pitch was more effective.

"If I get ahead on fastballs, I'll probably strike a guy out on the changeup," says Soto, "or it will be the other way if

I'm ahead on changeups." Soto's grip is the key. He holds his fastball with two fingers across the seams and the changeup with the three outside fingers across the seams. "The fastball runs on you both ways," Garvey says. And Soto can make his changeup dart in, out or down.

Soto's changeup has been a change for the better. After a winless April, in which he grooved fastballs when behind on the count and gave up seven homers in five games, Soto established his feared changeup and became almost unstoppable. He was at his best last Sunday against Atlanta when he struck out 10, walked one and allowed three hits in 10 shutout innings before he was lifted for a pinch hitter. Atlanta won in the 14th 2-0. In Soto's last 96 innings through Sunday, he had 98 strikeouts and 21 walks, and was among the league leaders with a 7-4 record, a 2.27 earned run average and six complete games. A master of control, he

had walked only 31 batters in 127 innings; his 4-1 strikeout-walk ratio is extraordinary for a power pitcher.

After a 28-inning stretch in late May and early June, in which Soto walked none while fanning 31 and yielding just 14 hits, Cincinnati First Baseman Dan Driessens, who's in his 10th major league season, said, "I've never ever seen anyone pitch that well." Opponents are every bit as respectful. Recently a writer asked St. Louis Manager Whitey Herzog to evaluate Fernando Valenzuela. "Not taking anything away from Valenzuela," Herzog said, "but Mario Soto and [his own] Joaquin Andujar are as good as anybody in baseball."

For some time now Soto has been a 20-win season waiting to happen. On July 5, 1980 he relieved in the first inning of a game in which the Reds were trailing 6-0. Soto threw 8½ innings of three-hit ball and, when the Reds rallied for eight runs, got credit for the win. From then on

by Jim Kaplan

he was the club's most versatile pitcher. In long relief, short relief and spot starts, Soto was 9-5, with a 2.29 ERA and four saves after the 1980 All-Star Game, and was voted the team's outstanding pitcher. In strike-shortened 1981 Soto was 12-9, but Cincinnati Pitching Coach Bill Fischer says that with more support he could have won 17 games.

This year the 6', 185-pound Soto has sometimes seemed as interested in KOs as Ks. On May Day, with a 10-1 lead over St. Louis, two outs in the seventh and two hits to his credit, Soto tried to bunt. For this violation of baseball etiquette, Mario got a pitch under the chin from Mark Littell. Whereupon Soto lost his cool and charged the mound, emptying both benches. "I completely forgot what the score was," he says.

On the last day of May, he forgot again. The Reds led Philadelphia 4-0, thanks in part to Soto's one-hit, no-walk, seven-strikeout pitching. But when Ron Reed hit him in retaliation after Soto (accidentally, he says) plinked a couple of Phillies, Mario charged forth once more. He was ejected from the game, which the Phillies rallied to win 5-4. "That minute all I could think was 'Go out there and get them,'" he says. "You don't have to let anybody hit you." This is the same Soto who once laughed while heading back to the dugout after striking out. "It's bad enough teaching him the language," says reliever Jim Kern. "We also have to teach him ethics."

Or self-control. "He has the tendency to get mad and lose concentration, especially in close games," says his catcher, Alex Trevino. Johnny Bench, the catcher-turned-third baseman, can hear the hard-working Soto grunt on every pitch. "Sometimes he gets too fired up thinking of the 'strikeout title,'" Bench says. "I try to get him to calm down. I say, 'Stay back and figure out what you're trying to do instead of starting to think in the middle of your windup.'"

If Soto seems to be refining his skills as he goes along, there's a very good reason. "I never had enough time to learn," he

says—and he's not exaggerating. Mario, whose hometown friends call him by his middle name of Melvin (a common appellation in the Dominican Republic), grew up in Bani, a small coastal town about 25 miles southwest of Santo Domingo. His parents separated when he was eight, leaving Mario's mother, a laundress, to raise her three children. Mario dropped out of school in the eighth grade and took a construction job, practicing baseball during the day and playing on Sundays—as a catcher, not a pitcher. In 1973 Juan Melo, a longtime star for the Dominican national team, converted Soto, then 17, into a pitcher. Two months later Johnny Sierra, the Reds' chief Dominican scout, persuaded the team's Latin American supervisor, George Zuraw, to sign Soto. Zuraw risked all of \$1,000. "It was a total projection," he says. "He didn't throw very hard, but some pitchers, with a certain type rhythm, get faster."

Soto sat out his first professional season in 1974 after breaking his right elbow in spring training. But by 1976 his general manager in Tampa, Mike Moore, was telling Zuraw, "He's one of the best players ever to go through this organization." Unfortunately, he was going through it too fast. In 1977 Soto jumped to Triple A Indianapolis and eventually to the parent club when then-manager Sparky Anderson needed help for his badly depleted staff. Out of his league, Soto went 2-6 and was dropped back to Indianapolis, where he was 9-12 in 1978. Still projecting, the Reds brought him back up in September of that year. "That's when I finally got the changeup going," says Soto. "I was pitching in Atlanta and we were leading 6-4 in the eighth with the bases loaded, two outs and Dale Murphy up. Johnny Bench was catching. He kept calling for fastballs and sliders and I kept shaking him off. When he finally called for the changeup, I struck out Murphy on a perfect pitch. I kept working on it in winter ball."

The 1979 season began with Soto hospitalized for back trouble and wondering what he'd do without baseball. Again he divided the year between Cincy and Indianapolis; again he failed to distinguish himself.

Soto has come a long way since then, as last week's win over L.A. proved. After overthrowing by dropping his arm on deliveries and using 101 pitches the first five innings against the Dodgers, he

slowed down his motion and threw just 50 pitches the last four innings. That's why the Reds say he has become a pitcher, not a thrower. "He's a sharp kid," says teammate Tom Seaver. "I don't have to go to him with advice anymore." Soto used to play catch on off days, risking his tender arm. He now takes outfield practice with a lefthander's glove. Soto lives in a Kentucky suburb of Cincinnati, saving money—he won a salary of \$295,000 in arbitration before the season—and dreaming of the day when he won't have to work. "It's easy to spend money," he says, "but hard to get it." Now, Soto is really starting to make sense.

THE WEEK

(June 21-27)

by HERM WEISKOPF

NL WEST Every other park in the league is bigger than ours, and I think our pitchers are more concerned about pitching here," Manager Joe Torre of Atlanta (4-3) said. "Here, sometimes pitchers give hitters too much credit, try to be too fine and aren't aggressive enough." Whatever, the Braves split four games at home, where they were 17-17. On the road they were 26-11. Opposing pitchers also had hard times in Atlanta. For example, the Braves scored three times in the last of the ninth to upend the Giants 7-6. On Sunday, Atlanta tied a big-league mark by making seven double plays and beat Cincinnati 2-0 when Chris Chambliss singled in the 14th.

With Burt Hooton out for surgery to remove a bone spur on his right knee, the Dodgers (4-3) gave Vicente Romo his first start since 1974. But Romo aggravated his sore knee while running out a single in the top of the second, and Dave Stewart replaced him. He pitched five innings of one-run ball and woo 4-1. Steve Howe's 7 1/3 innings of shutout relief gave him three saves and a 0.23 ERA for his last 39 innings. Roy Cey hit .434 and Steve Sax stole eight bases.

"I don't play that way very often, but like had all those people to the stands," explained Manager Dick Williams of the Padres (5-2). What Williams did was let Pitcher Juan Eichelberger bat against San Francisco with two out, a runner on third and the score 2-2 in the seventh. He had asked to bat rather than give way to pinch-hitter Ruppert Jones, a 309 hitter who was being rested that day. Eichelberger doubled, to win the game 3-2, much to the delight of his 106 relatives and friends at the game. Eric Show picked up three wins with nine innings of rudderless relief.

A gutsy move by Manager Frank Robinson helped the Giants (2-5) defeat the Astros 9-8. With Houston ahead 8-7 in the eighth and a San Francisco runner on third, Robinson ordered Johnnie LeMaster, who had two strikes on him, to bunt. LeMaster dropped down a bunt, beat it out, reached third on a double by Tom O'Malley and scored on a single by Max Venable. In another game, Jack Clark's homer in the 10th made Albie Hanzmeyer, who went the distance, a 4-3 winner over the Astros. Catcher Luis Pujols of Houston (2-5) was charged with four passed balls in that game, in which knuckleballer Joe Niekro won the route. L.A. stole five bases against another Astro catcher, Alan Ashby, while winning 4-1. Dave Smith came out of the bullpen to make his first start in three years and committed three balks in two innings. But Houston took that game from the Dodgers 7-5 as Ben Roberge pitched three scoreless innings to gain the first save by an Astro reliever in 23 games. Vern Riffe allowed only three singles as he beat the Giants 3-0.

Tom Hume of the Reds (4-3) picked up two saves and a win, and Dan Driessen batted .417. Both helped Tom Seaver defeat Atlanta 2-1. Hume pitching the ninth and Driessen yanking the decisive run on a wild pitch while several Braves flubbed up. Catcher Bill Po-coske, trying to nail Driessen as second, made a low throw that skipped into center. Brett Butler, the centerfielder, then made a three-bounce throw trying to get Driessen at third. When the throw bounced off Third Baseman Bob Horner's glove, Driessen moved home.

ATL 43-28 SD 40-30 LA 36-35
SF 32-42 CIN 31-41 HOU 30-42

NL EAST "We just needed that final touch," said Bó Díaz of the Phillies (7-2) about a team meeting called by Mike Schmidt after two losses to the Cardinals. "We said, 'Let's try to get something going, play tough, make something happen.'" Díaz made things happen all week by batting .440, while Ivan DeLeón hit .406. After the meeting, Mike Krutew won 7-1 in St. Louis and Steve Carlton held the Cards to three hits while breezing 10-2. Then came a five-game sweep of the Mets. Dick Ruthven got the first of those victories 1-0, giving up only three singles. Schmidt suited the fourth game with a tie-breaking two-run homer in the eighth and the Phils went on to win 7-4. Pete Rose banged out 13 safeties and moved past Henry Aaron into the No. 2 spot on the all-time hit list with 3,782 and to within 409 of equalling Ty Cobb's record.

A meeting also gave the Cardinals (4-4) a boost. This session involved only two men—Reliever Bruce Sutter and Mike Rourke, a Rhode Island insurance man who was the Cub pitching coach when Sutter first rose to prominence a few years ago with Chicago.

continued

Rourke, who in the past has helped Sutter when his split-fingered fastball has gone awry, conveniently happened to be in Chicago on business when the St. Louis team was there last week. Sutter, who had been cuffed around recently, got together with Rourke and immediately went out and saved both ends of a 4-1, 2-1 twin-bill sweep of the Cubs. "I was choking the ball, trying to throw it too hard," Sutter explained. "If I'm relaxed, my pitch will break more."

Serve Rogers' fourth shutout—5-0 in New York—moved Montreal (4-4) into first place, ending a 67-day stay at the top for St. Louis. Then, as is their wont, the Expos disappointed a home crowd of 51,360 by losing—this time a doubleheader to the Pirates. Since moving into Dignity Stadium in 1977, Montreal has been 6-16 in home games attended by crowds of 50,000 or more. Pittsburgh (5-2) enabled St. Louis to regain first place by defeating Montreal 4-3 and 9-7 on Friday. Don Robinson, who slugged a two-run homer and raised his batting average to .333, won the opener. In the second game Rick Rhoden slammed two doubles, scored twice and drove in a run as he picked up the victory. Further firepower was supplied by Dale Berra, who hit .423 and had eight RBIs.

Charlie Puleo, with last-inning relief from Mike Scott, hurled the sagging Mets (1-8) past the Expos 3-1. A 10th-inning double by Junior Kennedy of the Cubs (3-4) knocked off the Pirates 6-5. Three old hands helped beat St. Louis 5-3, Ferguson Jenkins, 38, earning the win as Jay Johnstone, 36, walked a three-run homer and Larry Bowa, 36, got three hits.

STL 42-32 MONT 30-31 PHIL 40-32
PIT 33-35 NY 35-38 CHi 28-48

AL EAST "We were a squabbling, bickering bunch for a while. I think Harvey deserves a lot of credit for changing the atmosphere." So said Cecil Cooper of Harvey Kuenn, who had become manager of Milwaukee (5-1) on June 2. Since then the Brewers have gone 17-6 and have risen from fifth to second. Last week they continued their surge by slugging eight home runs, three by Cooper and four by Ben Grieve, who led the league with 19.

Boston (3-3) got robust hitting from Jim Rice (.524) and Jerry Remy (.417), not to mention Dwight Evans, whose two-out, two-run homer in the ninth tied Detroit 4-4, and Wade Boggs, who won the game, 5-4, in the 11th with another blast. Boggs filled in at third for Carney Lunsford, who was shelved for two to three weeks by an ankle injury.

Toronto (2-3) and New York also rallied with two out in the ninth. The Blue Jays, trailing 2-0 in Seattle, got a one-out homer from Jesse Barfield and two-out dingers by Willie Upshaw and Ernie Whitt. Toronto eventually won 5-3 in the 11th. The Yankees (3-3) tied

BALL PARK FIGURES

The major league leaders in runs produced—that is, runs plus RBIs minus homers—are:

AMERICAN LEAGUE	
1 Hal McRae, KC	39+66-12=93
2 Andre Thornton, Clev	49+60-18=91
3 Greg Luzinski, Chi	43+57-10=90
4 R. Henderson, Oak	64+30-6=88
5 Amos Otis, KC	44+49-7=86

NATIONAL LEAGUE	
1 Dale Murphy, Atl	55+58-21=92
2 Lonnie Smith, St. L	59+37-5=91
3 Andre Dawson, Mont	55+39-10=84
4 Al Davis, Mont	41+52-12=81
5 Soto Lezcano, SD	43+44-7=80
5 Ruppert Jones, SD	48+41-9=80

the Indians 3-3 on ninth-inning singles by Jerry Murphy, John Mayberry and Baich Winesgar, which yielded the first earned run given up by Cleveland's Dan Spillner in 31 1/2 innings. New York won in the 17th when Graig Nettles, who earlier that night had hit his 300th home run, singled, advanced on two walks and scored on Ken Griffey's sacrifice fly. The day before, after a stern pregame lecture from owner George Steinbrenner, the Yankees had gone on their biggest bash in a month, drubbing the Tribe 11-3.

Dennis Martinez of Baltimore (5-2) gave up only 10 hits while beating Cleveland 7-0 and Detroit 4-1. The Orioles' fly stick was Cal Ripken, who had 11 RBIs.

The Indians (3-4) stole 12 bases, but Toby Harrah's hustle while stretching a single into a double may have been the most significant bit of footwork. Harrah went on to score the go-ahead run on Mike Hargrove's single as Cleveland beat New York 5-2. Three home runs and the pitching of Jerry Ujder enabled Detroit (1-4) to break its 10-game losing streak with a 7-1 defeat of Baltimore.

BOS 42-26 MIL 40-30 BAL 38-31 DET 37-31
CLEV 34-38 NY 33-35 TOR 33-32

AL WEST Pumping iron seems to have helped the division-leading Angels (5-2) muscle their way to the top of the West. A number of the players, most notably Don Baylor, Brian Downing, Bobby Grich and Ken Forsch, are following specially tailored lifting programs. "Our aim is to maintain the level of strength acquired during the off-season," trainer Rick Smith said. Baylor got the team's biggest hit of the week, a two-run home run in the bottom of the 12th that beat the Royals 6-5 and kept California in first place.

Hal McRae of Kansas City (2-4) also hit a

vital two-run shot during that series, finishing off California 8-6 when he connected in the 10th. U.L. Washington's ninth-inning single gave Larry Gura a 1-0 victory at Oakland. That was the day Manager Billy Martin hoped to get his A's (2-5) out of their batting doldrums by having Dwayne Murphy pick the lineup by plucking the starters' names from a hat. The hat trick, however, was on Oakland, which was held to four hits. For the week the A's had only 10 extra-base hits and .224. .183. That dropped their average to .224, 19 points below the next-worst-hitting team in the majors—the Astros.

Five home runs enabled Britt Burns of Chicago (3-3) to coast past Seattle 13-3, and the White Sox took a pair of close games from Minnesota, 5-4 and 6-5 on eighth-inning hits—Harold Bunes's single and Ron LeFlore's homer.

Home runs by Dave Hostetler, Buddy Bell and Billy Sample enabled Texas (4-3) to beat Oakland 5-2. Rick Honeycutt blanked the Angels 4-0, and Jon Matlack, with last-out help from Danny Darwin, beat the A's 2-1.

The Mariners (4-2) were drawing at a pace that would bring their home attendance to one million for the first time since 1977, the year they joined the league. Dave Henderson and Bill Caudill were instrumental in swelling the Kingdom crowds last week. Henderson, 23, was the No. 1 draft choice when the team was formed, and Caudill, 25, was picked up this spring after three lackluster seasons with the Cubs. Together they combined for four victories, all of which were sealed by Caudill.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

LARRY BOWA: The Cub shortstop had four consecutive three-hit games as he went on a 15-for-24 (.625) tear. By hitting .571 over his last 17 games, he improved his batting average from .208 to .252.

who has 13 saves. Henderson made several sparkling plays in center, beat Toronto 5-4 with a three-run homer and 6-5 with another four bagger and three RBIs, and then homered to knock off Chicago 1-0. Jim Beattie, who struck out 10 in eight innings in that last game, lowered his ERA to 2.46.

"I like it that way. You don't have a chance to think," So said Pitcher Jack O'Connor of the Twins (2-3), who was rushed into a game against the Blue Jays after Pete Redfern was hit on the foot by a line drive in the first inning. O'Connor, who had a 12.38 ERA, gave up only one run in seven innings and Minnesota won 4-3 on John Castro's single in the ninth. Tim Laudner's three-run homer climaxed a six-run rally in the ninth that carried the Twins past the White Sox 6-5.

CAL 44-29 KC 40-30 CHi 38-31 SEA 38-36
OAK 31-44 TEX 27-35 MINN 18-55

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Ronald Ramos, Civil Engineer and his wife Gladys

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by William Leggett

Three minutes remained before the break from the starting gate in the \$141,500 Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont Park last Saturday when a marvelous, if fractious, filly named Cupecoy's Joy caused a scene for the third time in five days. Her substitute jockey, Jorge Velasquez, had dismounted because the saddle was loose and was standing with arms folded as three assistant starters performed the precarious task of tightening Cupecoy's Joy's girth. Kicking and tossing her magnificent head, she danced the men the width of the race-track before they were able to complete the job. When she was finally loaded into the gate, Cupecoy's Joy got away smartly and ran a magnificent race, but one she seemed destined to lose.

The Coaching Club American Oaks is the most important race for 3-year-old fillies in this country. Win it, and major races get named after you—e.g., the Wistful, Top Flight, Black Helen, Vagrancy, Next Move, Level Best, Twilight Tear, Dark Mirage, Shuvee, Lamb Chop, Ruffian. If there is a shortcoming with the Coaching Club American Oaks, it's that at 1½ miles the race is really too long for fillies in this day and age, horses not generally being bred in America to go that distance. Still, the Coaching Club is a prize to covet and plan for, if only because it's the third leg of New York's Triple Crown for fillies, preceded by the one-mile Acorn Stakes and the 1½-mile Mother Goose. Five fillies have won the New York Triple; six others have failed after winning the first two legs.

When the gate opened Saturday, Cupecoy's Joy shot to the lead and opened up as much as six lengths down the backstretch. She was facing the best 3-year-old fillies in the country, the winners of major stakes in California, Arkansas, Kentucky and New York. Cupecoy's Joy stayed in front until the turn for home, where the beautifully named Christmas Past (by Grey Dawn II from Yule Log) moved alongside, then pulled away in the stretch to win by six lengths. Cupecoy's Joy finished second, a brave nose in front



In the Oaks, distance-loving Christmas Past overtakes Cupecoy to win by six lengths.

For whom the belles toil

The fans are the winners when Cupecoy's Joy and Christmas Past hook up

of Flying Partner. But the outcome of the race wasn't the case of a freight train passing a hoboe.

Christmas Past entered the CCAO with only eight races behind her. She bloomed in Florida during the winter and was so highly regarded by her owner, Cynthia Phipps, and her trainer, Angel Penna Jr., that a few weeks ago they considered supplementing her (at a cost of \$20,000) to run against colts in the Belmont Stakes. Instead they chose to compete with fillies in the Acorn and Mother Goose, both of which Cupecoy's Joy won. In the Acorn, Christmas Past lost by 9½ lengths, but in the Mother Goose the margin was only three-quarters of a length. "I thought if we were going to beat Cupecoy's Joy it would be in the Oaks," Penna said afterward, "because my filly loves to go a distance, and while the first two races were around one turn, the Oaks was around two."

What cannot be determined is the effect several bizarre incidents involving Cupecoy's Joy had to do with the out-

come of this race. While training on Tuesday, she flipped over backward on the Belmont track. Cupecoy's Joy is a hyper filly and a mean one as well. She will eat anything a goat would, and her excess of high spirits during morning workouts are legend. On Thursday she slammed into another horse on the track and ran off, breaking through the giveaway rail. The price of that misadventure was three stitches in her left knee. Because of rules restricting the use of drugs before a race, no antiseptic or anti-inflammation medication could be used. Adding to the melodrama, on the day Cupecoy's Joy won the Mother Goose her regular rider, Angel Santiago, was hospitalized after a spill, and both her regular exercise rider and her groom were either fired or quit in the days leading up to the Oaks.

The whole country got a glimpse of Cupecoy's Joy on TV in the Kentucky Derby, in which she was the lone filly competing against 18 colts. Although she finished 10th in Louisville, Cupecoy's

Joy led for a very fast and interesting mile. Much had been made of the girl vs. the boys angle, but with Cupecoy's Joy, running against colts is commonplace. In her 19 lifetime starts, she has taken on colts eight times, and has done extremely well, winning once, finishing second three times and third twice. This remarkable record may partly explain her extraordinary popularity. After Cupecoy's Joy won the Mother Goose, the Belmont Park winner's circle was choked with well-wishers. "Maybe I know six of the people in there," says co-owner Roberto Perez. "No, maybe eight." A chant went through the second floor of the grandstand and clubhouse: "Cupecoy. Cupecoy. Cupecoy. Joy. Joy. Joy."

But Cupecoy's Joy is more than a favorite of the fans, particularly Latins. She's also the first female star to emerge from New York State's burgeoning and controversial breeding program. The production of horses to run for purses for homebreds at the state's four racetracks (Aqueduct, Belmont, Saratoga and Finger Lakes) has expanded so greatly that it may very well be out of hand. Consider this: In 1972 fewer than 200 horses were foaled in the state; this spring more than 3,000 hit the ground. Unsold millions have been spent for farms and fencing, and today there are at least 325 breeding farms. Very soon the breeders of New York may produce a colt and filly for every garage in the state.

Because of the amount of purse money allotted strictly for New York State horses (more than \$10 million in 1982), Cupecoy's Joy began her career last July at Belmont in a maiden race restricted to New York-breds. Competing against fillies, she romped to an eight-length victory. Next came a second-place finish in a stake for New York-breds (The Empire) at Saratoga, one length behind a colt, Salute Me Sir. Of the eight races she ran as a 2-year-old, seven were against New York-breds.

In early January, people began to talk seriously about Cupecoy's Joy when she met the top New York-bred colt, Ask Muhammad, in the Montauk Stakes at Aqueduct and won by a nose. Following three excellent races in New York, she was shipped to Latonia in March for the Jim Beam Spiral Stakes and ran a fine third against colts. Then came the Ken-

tucky Derby. Many thought that Cupecoy's Joy would run in the Kentucky Oaks the day before the Derby, but when she drew post position No. 1 in the Derby, that settled the issue. "I have had a lot of bad horses in my life," says Perez. "How many chances does anyone ever get to run in the Kentucky Derby? We took our shot. Cupecoy's Joy had a horrible time in the paddock. We weren't ashamed of her Derby performance at all."

The ownership of Cupecoy's Joy, as listed on official racing programs, is Ri-Ma-Ro stables, reflecting the first names of the three daughters of co-owner Robert DeFilippis. He's in the construction-equipment rental business in College Point, N.Y., while Perez is an asphalt manufacturer in Whitestone, N.Y., who

to. "I wanted Northern Dancer," Perez says, "but we couldn't get him, as you might imagine. So we bred her to a son of Northern Dancer, Northerly."

That's where Frank (Pancho) Martin enters the Cupecoy's Joy saga. The Cuban-born Martin is "the king" of New York horse trainers, having led them all in races won for the last nine years. Sometimes gruff, often sentimental, he works day and night at his occupation. It has even been said of him that "He thinks like a horse. He can read their minds." Martin began training horses at Oriental Park in Havana when he was still a teenager; now 56, he's been around race-tracks for 43 years. It was Martin who trained Northerly, a good but certainly not a great horse, in the '70s. Northerly, who won seven of 37 starts and \$183,244,

was a difficult horse to train, and many feel that it took a man of Martin's ability to get him to do so well. "That's one of the main reasons Cupecoy's Joy is so popular with Latin-speaking people," says Perez. "So many at the track associate Martin with Northerly, particularly the Latin people who have worked with or are close to Frank. It's interesting and it's also romantic, the way we often are."

Although Martin looms large in the Cupecoy's Joy story, the filly's trainer is Alfredo Callejas, an Argentine like Perez, but one who speaks almost no English. Years ago, Callejas used to train for Perez in Buenos Aires, and when Perez brought Lady Abba to the U.S., he also brought Callejas. The Argentines have done very well with their difficult filly, and they seem to have a golden future.

"We already have an offer of three million dollars for Cupecoy's Joy and have turned it down," says Perez. "She means more than that to us. Cupecoy is getting a lot of mail now. Most of it says, 'I love you.'"

Certainly the value of Cupecoy's Joy didn't diminish after the Coaching Club, because her race was brilliant, all things considered. At the moment nobody knows what her next race will be, but when she hooks up with Christmas Past again it will be something to behold. And keep in mind the fact that there are no more 1982 races for 3-year-old fillies at 1½ miles.



Co-owner Perez gives Velasquez a pre-race hug.

came to this country from Argentina 22 years ago. And what or who is a Cupecoy? When the mating of Northerly and the Argentine mare Lady Abba produced the filly, the owners cast about for a name. DeFilippis had recently bought a condominium on the Caribbean island of St. Martin, in an area called Cupecoy. Thus Cupecoy's Joy. "The people are all jumping up and down down there now," says DeFilippis.

Perez imported Lady Abba from Argentina several years ago and tried her in a few races, but she broke down, so he looked around for a stallion to breed her

BOATING

by Sarah Pileggi

High fliers from Down Under

Swift Aussie 18-footers were a nautical circus on San Francisco Bay

On a scruffy stretch of sand alongside San Francisco Bay last week three gathered a small fleet of boats that, when beached, looked like 11 backyard wading pools with Lego superstructures. When released on the waters of the bay, however, the boats flew like a squadron of drag-

onflies. These were Australian 18s, "eyedeers" if you prefer, skiffs raced with typical Aussie verve in Sydney Harbour since the 1890s. They have just begun to attract the attention of American sailors, young ones mostly, who are drawn by the speed of the 18s—up to 35 mph downwind—and by the hell-bent-for-leather style of racing that they afford. It is said of the three-man crews who sail these space-age hot rods while scrambling over racks that extend as far as 5½ feet from either side, that they must be as agile as monkeys and as strong as gorillas.

Showing their stuff last week were eight of the best 18-foot skiffs in Sydney's 40-boat fleet, joined by three American boats, sponsored—that's right, sponsored, just like racing cars and bowling teams—by Coors beer, Celeste Pizza and Hulse/Chrisman Spars. In a seven-race series over four days, in winds that seldom blew with the intensity that makes San Francisco summer sailing unique but that, nevertheless, were testing enough when combined with the ferocious tides that run through the Golden Gate, one Aussie boat, *Tia Maria*, set itself apart. Skipped by a 40-year-old Sydney sol-

nor, Peter Sorensen, with Andrew Buckland, 26, as sheetman and David Stephens, 25, as forward hand, *Tia Maria* won five of the seven races and led throughout most of them. Oddly, one of the races *Tia Maria* didn't win, the fifth, was perhaps her crew's finest hour.

During what was meant to be a 15-minute intermission between the fourth and fifth races on Saturday, a pause in which the crews customarily gulp down sandwiches and beer while drifting in the vicinity of the starting line, suddenly the Australian boat *Colorbond*, then in second place in the standings, set sail for the beach half a mile away. There, Skipper Kevin Wadham and his crew, with some help from spectators, hurriedly lifted the boat out of the water, turned it on its side and began the complicated process of changing from a No. 4 rig to a No. 3, an accommodation to the unexpectedly light winds.

Each 18-footer has four sets of masts and sails for varying conditions. The No. 1 rig, for instance, is for the lightest air, zero to 12 knots. Its mast is a towering 37 feet, and its sail area—main, jib and spinnaker—comes to about 1,410 square feet. The No. 4 mast, which would almost always be used in the blustery winds of San Francisco Bay, is shorter (29' 3"), the sail area is smaller (750 square feet), and the rig is intended for winds from 19 to 40 knots. All but one boat had put in the No. 4 rig, but when the typical afternoon blow didn't materialize, Wadham decided to risk losing time at the start of the fifth race in order to change to the lighter rig. To be competitive against its closest rival, *Tia Maria* was obliged to do the same.

While the two crews scrambled on the beach, the rest of the fleet was approaching the start. As the boats on the beach were launched, the starter's gun sounded, and with a loss of about three minutes *Tia Maria* and *Colorbond* set out to catch the fleet. (Celeste Pizza had also



Sorensen and *Tia Maria* breezed away with five of the seven races.





U.S. crew of *Celeste Pizza* lets it all hang out as they barrel toward the Golden Gate.

changed rigs, but her crew had made it back to the line in time for the start.)

Amazingly, *Tia Maria* came in second over the 9.3-mile, triangular course. By the first windward mark, she had caught every boat except *Celeste* and *Coors* and probably would have beaten both at the finish, except that on the last windward leg, a metal fitting at the top of her mast broke and the mainsail began to slide down the mast. "We kind of slipped in on the rocks, turned her over and tied the sail in place with a piece of cord," said Sorensen later, as if that sort of emergency repair were commonplace.

Celeste Pizza won that race, a triumph for an American crew whose average age was 20½. *Coors* was third, only 28 seconds behind *Tia Maria*, another moral victory for the U.S. underdogs, while *Colorbond* was fourth. For *Tia Maria* the two final races on Sunday were just a formality. She won the first and finished fourth in the second, when a guest skipper took charge, while two second-place finishes by *Strubbles* secured second overall for that Aussie boat.

The turn-of-the-century forerunners of today's 18-footers were heavy wooden skiffs that carried acres of cumbersome cotton sails and crews of up to 22 men, who trundled from one side of the boat to the other trying to keep their craft upright. They raced for prize money and still do, although not very much of it. Whatever the size of the prize, however, it's expected to find its way to the bar when the racing day is done. Skiff racing started as a blue-collar sport and, as such,

it has always had a mighty weekend following in Sydney. Ferries loaded to the gunwales with punters follow the races around Sydney Harbour, and bookies are prepared to set odds on any and every eventuality—who will be first at the next mark, who will capsize, etc. Television covers the championships, newspapers cover the racing all season long and young 12-foot skiff sailors even collect autographs of their heroes in the 18s.

Ian Murray, who retired last January at the age of 24 after winning the world championship for the sixth consecutive year, continues to dominate the class through the boats he designs. *Tia Maria* is Murray's newest creation, but another *Tia Maria* is on the way. (The present one has already been purchased by Wang Computers.) In a developmental class such as the 18s, where just about the only restriction on a designer's imagination is that the boat be 18 feet long overall, whatever is newest tends to be best. The latest hulls, which, according to the literature, are made of "epoxy preimpregnated carbon fiber skins vacuum-molded over nomex honeycomb with aluminum or carbon fiber stress frames," weigh only 129 pounds. The sails are Mylar, nylon and Dacron. The outriggers, or racks, projecting like wings from the sides of the boat, were first installed on an 18 only three years ago. They allow more sail to be spread and, therefore, increase the speed of the boats, but they also increase the cost. The newest models go for \$60,000.

Speed is the narcotic that hooks the

devotees of the craft. Jeremy Sharp, skipper of Wang Computers, which finished eighth, is an Englishman who had his first look at 18s when they visited Plymouth in 1978. He has since moved to Sydney to be near them. "It's not something you do for enjoyment," says Sharp. "It's a bug. When it's under your skin you're stuck with it. Maybe in 10 years I'll retire to an Etchells."

Danger, too, is part of the allure of an 18. Going nose under at 30 mph is, apparently, a memorable experience. *Tia Maria*'s Buckland once described such an incident on another 18. "The last thing I remember seeing," he wrote, "was the spinnaker pole two feet underwater, then Ian [Murray] was thrown totally out and around the bow. Don [Buckley] hit the shroud so hard it slashed through his shoulder, right through his wet suit."

Capsize are common, though they don't necessarily interfere with the racing, because the boats are easily righted. Much less common in these days of corporate sponsorship is the kind of brawling for which sailors of the 18-footers were once notorious. Nevertheless, after a collision during the world championships in Sydney this year, Sorensen's two crewmen on *Tia Maria* punched each other up for 40 seconds in full view of thousands of spectators before Sorensen could pull them apart.

Most Australian 18-footer sailors began racing on 12-foot skiffs. Wadham, for instance, earned his way onto *Colorbond* by winning the Interdominion Championships in a 12-footer. "Straightaway you're a candidate," he says. "From sheethard last year I was promoted to skipper." Jay Harrison, who is sheethard now, says, "By the time you're 22, the 12s don't look as good as the 18s."

Almost everyone has a nickname. David Stephens of *Tia Maria* is Big Kite. His little brother is Storm Jib. Andrew Gouthard of Wang Computers is Fourteen, Richard Chapman, who has reddish hair, is Blauy. Sharp is known as Blunt. Sorensen, who is slight and wears thick metal-rimmed eyeglasses, is Big Handsome or Zorro. Sharp, or Blunt, describes the whole thing this way: "The boats change crews. The crews change boats. The skippers get bumped. The boats change sponsors. The sponsors change crews. But we always end up drinking in the same place." END



In Conigliaro's hospital room are aids for body and *souls*, including an electric stimulator and baseball mementoes. He clutches a sponge ball, which he's now able to catch.

FAITH, HOPE AND



TONY C

Tony Conigliaro, the star-crossed former Boston Red Sox slugger, is fighting back once again after a heart attack and coma

by JACK McCALLUM

CONTINUED

CONIGLIARO

continued

On a January morning almost six months ago, Fate once again beamed Tony Conigliaro. The former Red Sox slugger now lies in a Salem, Mass. chronic-care hospital. Family and friends are sincerely optimistic about the extent of his eventual recovery. Doctors are sincerely uncertain. Bumper stickers around Boston say I PRAY FOR TONY "C". He still needs those prayers.

But just as he did when he returned to play baseball after having been nearly blinded by a pitch on the left side of his head in 1967, Conigliaro, 37, has already beaten the odds and the early pessimistic prognoses of experts. Most people would have died from the "sudden death" attack that stopped his heart for at least six minutes on Jan. 9. Most people never would have opened their eyes, recog-

nized family and friends, talked in whispers, smiled, caught a sponge ball or done any of the things Conigliaro has done, and is doing, after being nearly comatose for seven weeks. But, then, most people aren't Tony Conigliaro.

Over the years Tony C has been called, with some justification, arrogant and uncompromising. He has taken some giant steps backward in his business affairs. But even those who didn't like him never questioned his tenacity and his eagerness to succeed. As a ballplayer and in his second career as a sportscaster, he was essentially a populist: a hero to the masses, a problem to management. A full decade after his best years in the big leagues, he now receives as many as 400 get-well letters a week. Along with his rugged good looks, it was his indomitable will that drew people to Tony C.

Even the more conservative of Conigliaro's doctors use the word "remarkable" when talking about his recovery. Unfortunately, the word "miracle" has been overused, to the point that the Conigliaro recovery story sounds as if it's occurring at Easter in Fátima. There have been no miracles. Some of the misunderstanding has come from the over-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEWAS LUZAK



Racing to Mass General in his BMW, Billy reached to pull up his stricken brother, who had slumped forward

enthusiasm of a loving family grasping for straws of hope. Some has come from an impulsive press following the lead of the family. And some has come from the medical profession's own inability to explain precisely what has happened, and what is going to happen, to Tony C.

The story of Tony Conigliaro is a drama being played on the far edge of science. At Tony's bedside a Russian shaman has waved his arms, a holistic healer has searched for an aura and an acupuncturist has inserted needles. Tony is still receiving two treatments—low-voltage neuro-muscular stimulation and a nutritional supplement—considered worthless by most of the medical Establishment. But even Conigliaro's own chief attending physician, Dr. Maximilian Kaulbach, a member of the medical mainstream, concedes there are "imponderables" at work.

"Faith is to believe what we do not see," said St. Augustine, "and the reward of this faith is to see what we believe." The Conigliaro family believes it has seen the fruit of its extraordinary vigil.

There are precedents to support the family's optimism, one of the most dramatic being the case of Carol Davis, wife of Al Davis, owner of the Oakland (cum Los Angeles?) Raiders. Davis' one-man faith train came steamrolling into Tony C's room in the Shaughnessy Rehabilitation Hospital about 3:30 p.m. on June 7. Davis visited with Tony and his family for 90 minutes. He told them that after spending 13 days in a deep coma triggered by cardiac arrest in October of 1979, Carol woke up and said, "What happened?" "Baby," said Davis, who was at her bedside, "you just got sick. Now you're going to get better." By degrees, she did. Today Davis and others say she's about 98% of her old self. The professionals will cringe, but Carol Davis may just be a medical miracle.

But if the star-crossed Conigliaro is to be another miracle, he'll have to keep beating the odds. That he is beating them is shown by his slight but steady improvement, improvement that must be kept in perspective. "If you look at him clinically," says Dr. Kaulbach, "he's still severely impaired."

Conigliaro spends most of his time in bed in Room 215, directly across from

the nurses' station, but he has been able to sit up for two months and can now be wheeled onto the second-floor deck without the oxygen tanks he required until a few weeks ago. He doesn't move much, not because there is any permanent paralysis but because his brain is

severely impaired," his vocal cords have been inactive for so long that speaking will be difficult for a long time.

Speech was the first publicly reported breakthrough in Conigliaro's recovery. On the afternoon of May 24 Tony was doing breathing exercises with his respi-



Tony had been unconscious for about five minutes when Billy headed into the emergency room for help.

still unable to send the correct messages to all parts of his body. And his movements are still somewhat spastic, because the part of the brain responsible for primary movements—the brainstem—has undergone the most damage.

Because he has difficulty in eating even Jell-O and yogurt without getting it into his lungs, the 3,500 calories he receives per day are pumped into his stomach through a tube. His problems with breathing necessitated the surgical hole in his windpipe known as a tracheostomy. This exit hole bypasses the vocal cords, and each time he wants to talk, the "trache" must be temporarily closed. He talks infrequently, and mostly in whispers, so that it's difficult even for his family to understand him. Even if the day comes when Conigliaro is no longer "se-

ratory therapist when, at about 4 p.m., she noticed that he seemed to want to talk. The therapist inserted the button that occludes the trache, and Linda Heckman, a nurse in his room, heard him say, "Hi." Mrs. Heckman then summoned Tony's mother, Teresa, from the nearby television room. "Hi, Mom," said Tony when she came in. Mrs. Conigliaro almost fainted. She immediately called her husband, Sal, at home in nearby Nahant and put Tony on the phone.

"Hello, Choo," Sal said, using a childhood nickname.

"Hi, Dad," said Tony.

"I turned into an icicle," Sal said later. Teresa then called her son Billy, 34, and Tony said to his brother, "Hi, Billy." She thought of all the other people she wanted to call but couldn't remember any of

continued

CONIGLIARO

continued



Davis gave counsel and encouragement to brothers Billy and Richie and parents Sal and Teresa.

their numbers. Brother Richie, 30, went public with the news that Tony C could speak on a Boston talk show that night.

Of course, it was a significant event. Of course, it was a major step forward in his progress. But it was not the miracle—**TONY TALKS!**—it seemed to be. Most of the news the thirsting public had gotten immediately after the attack had been depressing; also, the public wasn't aware of the small signs of recovery that Tony had shown over the long weeks—the trucking of people with his eyes, the apparent acknowledgment of family members, the primitive attempts to talk. To a family that had monitored his progress for four months, Tony's sudden ability to speak a very short, but lucid, sentence was dramatic. But there was a long way to go.

Everyone on Conigliaro's team—and that's the word used by his family, friends, doctors, nurses and therapists—has his or her favorite memory of Tony's progress. Mrs. Conigliaro remembers the big smile Tony flashed after he overheard her tell one of the nurses she had got her new hairdo "at a supermarket." His therapists remember the day they lowered him into the tub for his bath and he said clearly, "It's hot!" The comment was significant because it involved both language and tactile sense.

His father recalls the first time Tony

laughed at one of his jokes. "He likes the raunchy ones especially," says Sal. Billy remembers the time, about five weeks ago, that Tony first caught the sponge ball he had been throwing to him; for four months Tony had either ignored it or reached for it awkwardly.

And everyone in the family remembers the day Davis arrived. When he walked into the hospital room, Tony, who was sitting up in a chair, recognized him immediately. "He must've grinned for a full minute," said Billy. Tony and Davis had known each other from Tony's visits to the Raiders when Tony was a TV sportscaster in San Francisco. Davis told a story about Tony coming to training camp one day as a reporter and spending most of his time tossing a football around with some of the players. Tony laughed. Billy then told of the day Tony, a high school quarterback, threw three interceptions in one game. Tony laughed again. Davis told stories about sports personalities Tony knew—Charlie Finley, Marcus Allen, Vada Blue—and Tony sat there smiling and nodding his head. Later Davis tossed him a ball, and Tony caught it with his right hand, as Billy had been showing him. "Now your left!" Davis ordered. Tony muffed the catch. But after a few more tosses, he caught the ball with his left hand, and everyone cheered. "I

think it was the best day Tony's had," says Sal.

But Al Davis doesn't come every day, and the road to recovery is one of low peaks and immense valleys. "Sometimes I go out of the room and I'm real, real down," says Sal, puffing on a cigarette in the hospital lobby. "Then I'll go back in the room and see something he does and I'll be up. That's the way it goes, sometimes daily. Tony's up, then he's down. Tony's up, then he's down."

That's the way it's gone, in fact, for many years. Tony's up, Tony's down. "If anyone ever lived like Joe Briskin in *Li'l Abner* with the cloud over his head, it's Tony," says Bill Bates, a Boston physical therapist and longtime friend. As a 19-year-old Red Sox rookie in May of 1964, Tony C hit the first pitch of his first game at Fenway Park for a home run. Tony up. A few days later a pitched ball fractured his left hand. A month after that he missed nine days when he fell over the leftfield wall in Comiskey Park. A month later he caught a fastball on his right arm and missed about six weeks. Tony down. Tony down, Tony down.

The pitch that nearly blinded him was unleashed by hard-throwing Jack Hamilton of the California Angels in a night game at Fenway Park on Aug. 18, 1967. Two inches higher, his doctors said, and Conigliaro would have been dead. As it was, the blow dislocated his jaw and fractured his cheekbone, causing a cyst to form on the macula of the left eye. He missed the rest of that pennant-winning season, and the following year as well. At age 23, his vision a blur, he was written off. But Tony thought he could make it back as a pitcher. Then, while testing his arm in the Instructional League in the winter of 1968, he discovered his vision had returned almost to normal. He went into the batting cage, and started to make good contact again.

Conigliaro's own ophthalmologist, Dr. Charles Regan of the Boston-based Retina Associates, didn't use the word "miracle" to explain his progress. But in Conigliaro's 1970 book, *Seeing It Through*, written with the late Jack Zanger, Regan was quoted as saying to Tony: "I can't explain it, but that large hole you had in your eye is gone, except for a small piece of scar tissue." On Opening Day 1969, Tony C hit a home

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CONIGLIARO

continued

run in the 10th inning to help beat the Orioles in Baltimore, and he won the American League's Comeback Player of the Year award with a .255 average and 20 homers. In 1970 he had his best season with 36 homers and 116 RBIs. Tony up.

But a month after the 1970 season ended, in a move that was both perspicacious and cold-blooded, the Red Sox traded Conigliaro to California. Despite Tony's 1970 statistics, they knew his vision still wasn't normal. In California he was lonely, homesick and ineffective, and he retired abruptly in the middle of the 1971 season. Tony down.

For the next three years Conigliaro ran a nightclub in Nahant on the Massachusetts North Shore. Then, before the 1975 season, he decided to try still another comeback—and the Red Sox agreed to look at him in spring



Dr. Kautbach (below) dispenses the traditional medical advice; Fredericks endorses a nutritional supplement.

training. Tony was in superb physical condition, but he hadn't played competitive baseball since he walked away from the Angels in 1971. Nevertheless, he won the designated-hitter job, and when he started on Opening Day at Fenway Park he received a standing ovation. But the long layoff and the short, compact swing of rookie Jim Rice, the Sox slugger of the future, combined to end the comeback. Tony hung 'em up for good in August after spending two months with the Red Sox Triple A team in Pawtucket, R.I. Again, as in 1967, he wouldn't be on a pennant-winning team.

Ironically, brother Billy, an outfielder who was never the star Tony had been, won a World Series ring with Oakland in 1973. Tony up, Tony down.

Conigliaro's calamities obscured a brilliant career. At age 22, Tony C had hit 100 home runs sooner than any other batter in history. Not considering his disastrous 1971 mini-season in California, when limited vision was only one of a host of physical problems, and his brief comeback in 1975, he was a lifetime .272 hitter with 160 home runs and an average

of 82 RBIs per year for his six seasons. By comparison, Reggie Jackson hit 188 homers and averaged 88 RBIs to go with a .266 batting average in his first six full seasons—playing 110 more games than Conigliaro. Conigliaro's six-year stats also match up well against Carl Yastrzemski's: Yaz batted .294, hit 95 homers and averaged 77 RBIs.

"Tony wasn't a good ballplayer," says Jackson, "he was a great ballplayer." "There's no doubt in my mind that Tony would be a 500-home-run guy," says former Boston teammate Rico Petrocelli. "He was a natural production hitter, a clutch hitter, an aggressive hitter. And there's no doubt he'd still be playing as a DH." "Tony's like Yaz," says his father. "He would've lasted. He loved his body more than anything else in the world."

A few weeks after quitting Pawtucket, Tony began his career as a sports broadcaster at WJAR-TV in Providence. By 1977 he had moved up to the big leagues with San Francisco's KGO-TV, where he won a local Emmy for sports features. Conigliaro was fired in February of 1980 and hired four months later by rival station KRON-TV, then fired again in May of 1981. Tony up, Tony down.

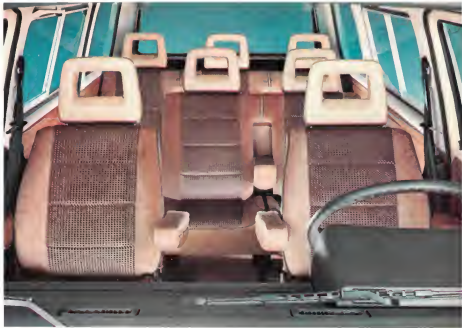
"In both cases it was a matter of differences over his broadcasting style," says Bill Browne, a sports producer who worked with Conigliaro at KRON. "If he felt management was forcing him to compromise, even a little, he'd snap. And I mean snap. But no one worked harder than Tony. And when he left, we got floods and floods of letters, which is really unusual because people come and go all the time."

Last summer NBC invited Conigliaro to do the color broadcast of a backup Saturday Game of the Week in San Francisco. However, the day before the broadcast, an errant elbow banged into Conigliaro's chin during a pickup basketball game, giving him a bloody nose that kept him in the hospital for three days. Tony up, Tony down.

"You know, with all that happened to

continued





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CONIGLIARO

Continued

him over the years," Billy says. "The only time he was really depressed was when he had to cull NBC back and tell them he couldn't do the game."

Tony remained down. He tried to latch on as a minor league hitting instructor with the Giants but didn't succeed. "Tony told me they said they'd 'get back to me,'" recalls Dennis Gilbert, Tony's best friend on the West Coast. "It was hard to say no to Tony. But nobody helped him either." From May to September of last year Conigliaro was unemployed and in financial difficulty. He loved California—the weather, the lifestyle, the women (he's a bachelor and had no steady girl friend at the time of his heart attack)—but the bad things were piling up. In December the mud slides washed out Healthwise, the health-food store he co-owned in San Anselmo, 35 miles north of San Francisco.

But on the morning of Jan. 9, 1982, a Saturday, two days after his 37th birthday, Tony felt good. Things had started to change for the better. Again. On his birthday, he had auditioned for the job of Red Sox color analyst on WSBK-TV, and felt he had won the job. "To say that he would've gotten it would be unfair now to the other people," says Joseph C. Domino, the station's general manager at the time. (Former Red Sox Catcher Bob Montgomery eventually got the job.) "But Tony had an excellent audition and he was certainly the leading candidate. That has nothing to do with sympathy for Tony, either. He looked good on the air, his voice was good, his knowledge of the game was good and he had a following in Boston. He was still a superstar in Boston to the fans."

Things were moving fast that morning. Tony was to leave Boston's Logan Airport on a 10 o'clock flight to Atlanta, where he was to meet with sports agent Mike Trope. Even if he had gotten the WSBK job, Tony was going to manage a new baseball division in Trope's Los Angeles-based International Sports Management, Inc. Tony had been working since September as an agent for Athletic Consultants Inc. in Los Angeles. When Trope's firm absorbed ACI, Trope asked Tony to stay on. From Atlanta he was going on to Puerto Rico and Venezuela to scout ballplayers for ACI. Then he would fly to San Francisco, tidy up his business affairs and, if the Red Sox TV job came

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through as expected, return to Boston. He was so confident that he had made an offer to buy the house next door to his parents in Nahant.

Normally, Sai would have driven his son to the airport to say goodbye, but Tony said that was unnecessary. "I'll be coming home to see you soon," Tony told his father. He hugged his mother and said, "This is going to be the best year ever. You wait and see." He also had something else to look forward to—the first Red Sox Oldtimers' Game on May 1. He piled into Billy's 1980 silver-gray 320i BMW and off they went along Route 1-A for the 20-minute trip to Logan. Inside the house, Teresa Conigliaro, always sad to see her oldest son leave, nevertheless breathed a sigh of relief. "Now I can have a cigarette in peace," she thought. Tony, who jogged five to six miles a day and played basketball almost daily, didn't smoke and drank only wine, and that rarely. He had nagged his mother repeatedly about her smoking.

As the two brothers passed the turnoff for Suffolk Downs Race Track, where their father would be heading later that morning to look after his three racehorses, they discussed Tony C's newest get-rich venture—a mail-order vitamin business targeted for flight attendants called "Sky-Pak." The night before, Tony's mother had taken a call from a stewardess who was helping Tony with the sales, but he hadn't recognized the name. Billy asked him if he had remembered in yet. Tony didn't answer. Billy looked over and saw Tony with his eyes closed, his hands tightly gripped, his head back on the seat. Billy laughed. He thought Tony was trying to imitate the person who called. Then he realized it was no joke. Tony was having trouble breathing. Billy decided he'd better forget the airport and continue on to Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. After driving about a mile he saw that Tony's trouble was serious. He was having a heart attack.

Billy's next decision took a second, and he has agonized over it since. He drove on to the hospital, which was about five miles away. Billy had two other alternatives. The airport ramp was near and he could have sought help at Logan. But finding proper medical personnel in the airport maze might have taken longer than the drive to the hospital.

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CONIGLIARO

continued

tal. Or he could have stopped the car and tried to administer CPR. He decided against that because, as he recounted later, "I didn't want my brother dying by the side of the road."

So off he went, increasing his speed to 85 mph, toward Mass General, feeling for his brother's pulse as he drove. Fortunately, it was Saturday morning, so the normally congested Callahan Tunnel was clear. He went through the tunnel toll-booth without paying the 30 cents but did slow down to shout, "Hospital!" He was dating a nurse at Mass General named Kim Colvin, so he knew a shortcut to the hospital. Once Billy had to step on the brakes, and Tony's head flopped down between his knees; Billy had to lift him back up with one hand.

Although a heart can be restarted, the time the brain has been in a state of anoxia (deprived of the oxygen carried by the blood) can be crucial. Lack of oxygen for as little as four minutes can cause permanent brain damage. Billy figures at least five minutes had passed when he drove up to the emergency entrance of Mass General, jumped out of the car and summoned medical personnel. "There's no pulse!" one of them shouted, and they began CPR. Soon Tony's heart was shocked into beating again, but Billy realized that was only one half of a double-edged sword. Another minute had passed, so Tony had been without oxygen for at least six minutes.

The ride to the hospital had been the most frantic of Billy's life, the ride back from the hospital to Suffolk Downs the longest. "Who is it?" asked Sal Conigliaro when he saw the pain on Billy's face. "Your mother?" Before Billy answered, he handed his father two nitroglycerin pills that he had brought home from the hospital, because of Mr. Conigliaro's own heart condition. Then he told him the bad news. "My God, what else

could happen to the kid?" Sal thought.

Only later did the Conigliaros think about the ways they were fortunate. If Tony had been driving alone... If someone afraid of cranking up to 85 mph had been driving... If Billy had had an accident... If it had been rush hour... If they had gone only half a mile farther and gotten off the exit ramp at Logan... But for once the worst didn't happen.

The striking down of men and women in the superb physical condition of a Tony Conigliaro is medical science's

"several days at least." And when Conigliaro came out of the coma, he was still only "semiconscious" for most of his seven weeks at Mass General. The key factor in determining the recovery of a sudden-death patient is the amount of time the patient remains unconscious. One of the country's leading researchers in this area, Dr. Michael Earnest, a Denver neurologist, studied 40 survivors of 100 sudden-death cases. "We had only one or two individuals who remained in coma more than 96 hours and left the hospital,"

Earnest told Richard A. Knox of *The Boston Globe* in a May 30 article. "None of those were able to walk, talk or perform self-care. They required nursing-home care or home care supported by nurses." DeSanctis agreed with Earnest's findings.

Tony C, who may have been comatose for at least 96 hours and was close to that condition for seven weeks, has already talked.

On March 1 Conigliaro was transferred to Shaugnessy, a long-term chronic-care facility physically attached to Salem Hospital. The hospital's proximity to Conigliaro's home has allowed his family to visit

often, fortunately, there hasn't been another patient in Tony's semiprivate room since he arrived. There is a guest list of about 10 people (no reporters or cameramen) that is changed now and then so that Tony can be stimulated by new faces. Conigliaro has a visitor, and sometimes three or four, daily from about 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. Normal visiting hours are 2 to 8 p.m.

Petrocelli, Mike Andrews and Gerry Moses come to see Tony every few weeks. They are the only steady visitors among his former teammates. "You've got to remember that it's tough for a lot of these guys to see Tony as he is now," says Sal. "They remember him as he was." The Conigliaros have received hundreds of calls from players, managers,

continued



Conigliaro's coasting career was nearly ended by a baseball in 1967.

knuckleball. The precise reason for Tony's heart attack remains a mystery. Heredity (his father underwent a triple-bypass operation three years ago) and Tony's high blood pressure might have contributed. But Dr. Roman DeSanctis, the hospital's director of clinical cardiology and Sal's attending physician, considers neither of these a compelling factor. And Tony's heart has recovered to the point that he's considered a low risk for another heart attack. "He's done very, very well from a cardiac standpoint," says DeSanctis. "It was a small attack with a very major consequence."

The major consequence was the deep coma into which Conigliaro lapsed. There is no way to measure a coma precisely, but DeSanctis feels it was deep for

CONIGLIARO

continued



After his 36 home runs and 116 RBIs in 1970, Tony C got Boston's MVP award, with Billy at his side.

coaches and announcers. Reggie Jackson called Tony when the Angels were in Boston in May. "I can't wait to see you up and around," Jackson said when the phone was put to Tony's ear. "We're all praying for you." Petrocelli, Andrews, Moses and several of Tony's other friends are planning a testimonial in January or February to help defray some of the hospital expenses. Billy Martin and Jackson have pledged their help, and it's likely that more people from the baseball and entertainment worlds will become involved, too.

For the most part, personnel at both hospitals have gone along with the Conigliaro's wishes, even those that fly in the face of conventional medical treatment. Billy, long an avid reader in fields such as mind control and levitation (Sal used to call him "the mad scientist"), contacted a Russian faith healer when Tony was still at Mass General. The healer waved his arms around Tony for five minutes and said, "Very sorry. I don't feel I can help." Billy also invited a holistic healer named Bob Johnson to visit Tony on the theory that Tony had left his body while he was clinically dead for six minutes. Johnson, who works with the

aura around the body, made about 10 visits. An acupuncturist came by, too, but Billy says the treatment was discontinued when the family felt that Tony wasn't responding.

The Conigliaros have insisted on keeping the low-voltage stimulation and nutrient treatments, although they aren't SOP at Shaughnessy. Dr. Edgar S. Miller, an osteopathic physician in Concord, Mass., introduced them to the "Myoflex" machine, which he says can improve the circulation in an injured area, in this case the brain. Billy usually operates the machine and he's "become a real pro," according to Miller. When Billy doesn't do it, Sal does.

The nutrient, which is prepared each day by Tony's nurses, was brought to the Conigliaros' attention one night on a Boston talk show that featured Carlton Fredericks, once the nutritionist for the Kansas City Athletics and a man with 30 years' experience in his field. Fredericks, who has a five-day-a-week program on WOR-Radio in New York City, says the nutrient is called "Octacosanol" and is derived from a concentrate of wheat-germ oil. He says the nutrient has produced positive results in victims of multi-

ple sclerosis, cerebral palsy and, in his mother's case, stroke. Fredericks isn't exactly sure why it works—he emphasizes that he's a Ph.D. in health education and not a medical doctor, a distinction that has been brought to his attention many times by skeptical physicians—but there are indications, he says, that it helps repair damaged brain cells. Even though the Conigliaros were the ones who contacted Fredericks, the nutrient couldn't be used unless it was prescribed by a physician. Miller, who was familiar with Fredericks' work, stepped forward.

"We don't know why Tony started to improve," says Sal. "Whether it was the prayers, the nutrient, the therapy, or whether it was just his time. It's impossible to say what has helped and what hasn't. But I don't know why we shouldn't try everything possible."

"Everything that's within reason" is Shaughnessy's official position. And even the hospital has a few special wrinkles for cases like Conigliaro's. For example, some patients are put in orange-colored rooms because psychological studies have shown that patients respond to bright colors; a patient who is, say, hyperactive and in need of rest, not stimulation, would be put in a blue or green room. Room 215 was deliberately chosen for Tony because it faces the North Shore. On a clear day you can see to Swampscott, where the Conigliaros once lived, and Tony's team hopes he'll eventually respond to the stimulus of a familiar place.

In addition, Room 215 is filled with plants, religious medals and pictures, a plastic baseball player in a batting stance, baseballs, sponge balls, T-shirts and other keepsakes sent through the mail. There's usually rock 'n' roll on the radio or a Rodney Dangerfield tape on Tony's cassette. Sometimes he even listens to himself. Early in his baseball career he recorded some rock 'n' roll records of his own. The more positive stimuli, the better for the patient is the hospital's philosophy.

Each day Teresa C opens her son's mail and reads it to him. Again and again she showed him the Bill Gallo cartoon in the May 26 New York Daily News. The paper asked its readers to sign the cartoon, a drawing of Tony, and mail it to the hospital. Since then the Conigliaros

continued

The party begins.

I can drive when I drink.

2 drinks later.

I can drive when I drink.

After 4 drinks.

I can drive when I drink.

After 5 drinks.

I can drive when I drink.

7 drinks in all.

I can't even drive.

The more you drink, the more coordination you lose. That's a fact, plain and simple.

Still, people drink too much and then go out and expect to handle a car.

When you drink too much you can't handle a car.
You can't even handle a pen.

The House of Seagram

have received several thousand of them.

Even Kaulbach, who doesn't believe in the efficacy of either the electrical or the nutrient treatment, concedes that, to a certain extent, "This case is beyond science." Kaulbach has more faith in two other "imponderables": the involvement of the family and its apparent success in stimulating Tony, and Tony's own history of fighting back.

"I wouldn't be surprised if someday it was proven that the input of the family in cases like this is significant," says Kaulbach. "The family handles him, manipulates him, stimulates him. I think that has to be a factor. And I just feel that if you have two patients with the exact same symptoms, and one of them wants to live more than the other, then that person will have a better chance. Of course, that person is Tony C."

At Davis knows all about going "beyond science." For 13 days he rarely left his comatose wife's bedside. He talked to her. He prayed for her. He read articles about sudden death. He called physicians around the country and flew them in for consultations. And as soon as he heard about Conigliaro's attack, he called Billy at Mass General and left him with this message: "Physicians know very little about this area. It is up to you, the family, to seize the initiative and coax, no, bully Tony back to health. No one else will do it. Visit to follow."

Davis was visibly buoyed after his 90 minutes with the Conigliaros. In his limousine from Shaughnessy Hospital to Logan Airport, where he was catching a flight home to California, he talked about Tony's apparent improvement and the positive involvement of the family.

"The main thing for them to remember is that it gets lonely," he said. "I was lucky. I had the whole country with me, giving me strength. That isn't the case here. It's human nature to be very concerned at first, then have that concern

slack off. The family must see that the hope, the will, the prayers are important every day. They have to know that they've left no stone unturned. And they're doing a great job." Kaulbach agrees. "The family has been unrealistic in what it wants for Tony—but wonderfully so."

What will the Conigliaros' good fight ultimately accomplish? The doctors won't even offer a theory. Some of their early pessimism was proven to be premature, so they've stopped the guessing game. But the word "recovery" must be used with caution.

Kaulbach has a 28-year-old sudden-death patient who remained unconscious for several weeks but is now bicycling and helping to care for her son. However, she has undergone substantial personality change. Dr. Thomas B. Grubbs, an assistant professor of medicine at Harvard who specializes in sudden-death cases, has a 24-year-old patient who is performing most physical functions after several weeks in a coma. But he suffered intellectual impairment. In his *Boston Globe* article, Knox told of a Minneapolis police sergeant named David Mack who woke up after 22 months in a coma. Mack has a near-normal IQ and can communicate by writing on a pad, but can't speak or move his arms and legs effectively. Again, the ultimate yardstick of hope might be Carol Davis, whose only

impairments are a slight memory loss and decreased ability to concentrate for long periods.

Whatever happens, the life of the Conigliaros will never be the same. Even if Tony continues to beat the odds, it's likely he'll need some kind of long-term care. And then there is the financial burden. Hospital bills already have reached the hundreds of thousands of dollars: the first seven weeks at Mass General cost \$53,000. Billy sold Tony's share of the health-store business to his partner and also unloaded Tony's six-acre country home in Novato, Calif., but Tony had "almost no money," according to one friend. Tony had continued payments on his baseball and AFTRA insurance, but Sal admits he's worried about the future. The fund-raiser should help.

However, the whole Conigliaro family will always have to deal with that most unanswerable of questions: Why Tony? Why us? But the star-crossed saga of Tony C has tested their will before. Despite some rough moments, their public and private posture is the same—they're resolutely optimistic.

"Four months ago I would've been happy with 25 percent recovery," says Sal. "Three months ago, 50 percent. Right now I'd be unhappy with under 75 percent." "I'd say 75 percent," says Billy, "and that's about 75 percent more than most people thought at first." "Ev-

ery day I see some improvement, even if it's only a little bit," says Tony's uncle, Vinnie Martelli, who is extremely close to him. Martelli's face then clouds over with emotion. "You know what I think? I think he's gonna walk out of here."

Given the neurological realities of the case, there's probably no physician who believes as Martelli does. But that ignores another compelling reality. Every time Tony C has been knocked down, he's gotten back up for another turn at bat. **END**



At a 1978 *Old Times* "Game," Tony talked to another batter, Roy Casperson.

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Reminiscence

by CARL SCHOETTLE

ONCE MEN WERE MEN, POOL HALLS WERE POOL HALLS AND SLEAZY WAS SLEAZY

I see in the papers that pool is now played by college boys and suburban families in wholesome, well-lighted establishments where you couldn't get a bet down if you were shooting with broken fingers. Which makes me sad. Pool halls were perfectly sleazy in my day. The guys were often downright unpleasant, and a lot of them were such creeps you wouldn't introduce them to G. Gordon Liddy, let alone Mom.

My favorite pool hall guy was Tubby Pretapote, as I shall call him, whose occupation was defrauding loan companies. He owed money to all the major finance companies in eastern Pennsylvania. They had his picture posted on the wall as if he was a bandit, which he was.

His collateral was a damage suit that he said he had pending against the Reading Railroad. While working as a brakeman, he had fallen off his boxcar and broken his leg. Tubby borrowed money off his leg until nobody would lend him any more, and then he stole nickels and dimes from the poker game at the local social club.

Tubby's pal, Andy, once invited me to help him sell a truckload of stolen tires. I declined, not because of any sense of honesty, but because Andy was a truly dumb thief. I figured he stole the tires from the police garage. He went away for a few months to make license plates. We all missed Andy. He was a great fish: He thought his game was about twice as good as it was. If he'd only had some money he'd have been perfect.

Tubby wasn't much of a shooter either, but he had a brother I'll call Jimmy who did wield a pretty good stick and who spent most of his time hawking Tubby. We all shot in a real Main Street poolroom, long, narrow and dark. Some-

body long ago had painted the windows the same lizard-green color as the walls, and nobody ever opened them. Nobody wanted to. Sunlight has never been too popular with shooters. Plenty of poolroom guys never saw daylight after they picked up their first stick.

For some time I worked in the poolroom, spending most of my time behind the tobacco counter out front, where we still sold Melachromo cigarettes, and a tiny gas flame burned perpetually for match-less cigar smokers. I also racked balls and cleaned the tables with two big soft brushes, following the map of the cloth like a groom currying a racehorse. At the end of the day I sprinkled green oiled sawdust on the floor and swept up. And in all the years I did the sweeping, I never found a dime. Poolroom guys had a great and unabashed reverence for money. They hardly ever dropped any. They also had fast hands and quick eyes, and loose money didn't stay on the floor long.

Pool tables in those days didn't look

leaning in out of the dark, poised over his cue stick, braced and balanced, and as intent on making his shot as a Marine sniper on Saipan.

I shot a fair stick, good enough to shoot for the house occasionally against selected opponents. They let me chip quarters and half-dollars, milk money, off farm boys from out in the Pennsylvania Dutch country.

Oddball, 9-ball, Harrigan, straight pool and one-pocket are the money games I remember. But some guys never came out of the shadows to shoot. Big Jack, the Wrong Bettor, sat on a high stool, watched and made bets, and rarely lost.

You couldn't see his eyes. We always believed they were the snaky color of the walls and windows. But we never saw him in the daytime to find out. You could find him only after the sun went down. He got his name at the regular crap game on the cinders of the railroad yard. He never rolled the dice, and he always bet against the shooter. He was a "wrong" bettor.

At the pool hall Big Jack sat there and bet against the shooter. Inexplicably, he always had the edge and pulled in his steady, if marginal, winnings, and nobody ever saw his eyes.

But we did tolerate him. We'd have tolerated King Kong or the Elephant Man if they had money and they wanted a game. Hell, we even tolerated Mapes.

Mapes got his name from an obscure outfielder for the Yankees named Cliff Mapes, who hit .250 in 1948. To our Mapes that 250 topped Joe DiMaggio's .320 that year. Mapes ran into Philly every time the Yanks played at Shibe Park. He sat in the bleachers and yelled, "Mapes, Mapes!"

That was about half his repertoire. The other half came from the jungle movies he loved. He quoted more or less continuously from the great apes. "Ugh" and "Argh" were two of his better lines. In moments of stress, say when the 9-ball hung at the lip of the pocket, he belted, "Ooong-gow-waa!"

The best stick on our tables belonged to an old guy who was a model of disapp-



like they were made by a toy company. Ours had a monumental solidity; they were as solemn and sturdy as a Victorian mausoleum. They had heavy slate beds, straight and true, covered with Belgian-made Simons billiard cloth as fine as Brooks Brothers sailing, with that wonderful green color rivaled only by new money.

When you turned on the two lights above one of the tables, it was like lifting the curtain at Radio City Music Hall. Even the sleaziest guy was bathed in romantic glamour as he shot. No actor ever had more dramatic lighting than a guy

continued

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CERVEZERA MONTREAL, S.A.

"I dreamed of Ali last night. We were in a ring, fighting someplace. In the seventh round, the seventh or eighth, he was saying, 'Don't knock me out...Don't knock me out!' I says to him, 'You gotta get out of here, man. You gotta get the hell out of here!' And then the next thing I remember is we was standing together under a tree, the best of friends. That's what I dreamed last night."

Where did this Larry Holmes quote appear? Where else—in William Nack's article *The Man Who Would Be Champ* in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, where the dreams and dedication of an individual are as important to the story as the action in the sport he plays.

Sports Illustrated
America's Sports Newsweekly

REMINISCENCE *continued*

tion and misspent youth. He had frail white arms, a doughy white face, a dapper white mustache and a high white pompadour. Oddly enough, I can't remember his name.

He worked the tobacco counter, too. Once in a while he'd come back to rack balls, and if somebody wanted a game, he'd shoot. Mostly straight pool. He couldn't get action in any other game. He'd give points—50, 75, 100, even—in a game of 125. And he'd win. He shot in runs of 50, 75, 100, 125, which is very good indeed.

But our local champ wasn't good enough when he'd shot against the great Ralph Greenleaf sometime long before I knew him. He got a bad roll, and Greenleaf ran out on him. We heard about that bad roll forever. But losing to Greenleaf was like losing to Sugar Ray Robinson, more honor than disgrace.

My pallid friend sometimes went to Philly to shoot on the open table at Allinger's, a grand old poolroom on Market Street. Going there with him was like going to Paris with the Prince of Wales: Anything seemed possible. Allinger's had 20 pool tables and 10 billiard tables; they were big, old-fashioned tables, 5-by-10 Brunswicks and Balke-Collenders and Rosatta-Berrys, spread out in the smoky light, as suggestive and exciting as black silk sheets.

The open game went on all day and night on the front table. It was a nonstop exhibition of the best shooting in Philadelphia. And Philly was a good pool town in those days. Greenleaf shot his last game there before he died in 1930. Strangers often showed up at Allinger's, like hot young gunmen arriving in Dodge City. After the first shot, after the first rack, everybody knew how good you were.

Any-ball, a local variation of straight pool, was the game on the open table; high score won, low paid and dropped out. And if you ran the rack from the break, everybody got cigars. Once, my guy got pink and full of energy in the open game, stayed all day and almost cleaned the place out of cigars.

I watched, took an occasional stogie and sometimes played on the back tables. But I never shot up front in the open game. And now Allinger's is long gone. And Main Street pool halls are such clean, nice places you could take your mom or your baby sister and nobody would try to hustle a nickel off them. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 21-27

Compiled by ROB BUCHANAN

BOATING—BRIGADOON, a 57-foot sloop owned by Robert Morton, won overall honors in the 36th biennial Newport Bermuda Race. The 81-day voyage from Newport to Bermuda covered the 635 miles in two days, 14 hours, 29 minutes and 16 seconds, more than five hours faster than Disney's 1974 record.

BOWLING—STEVE COOK defeated Roger Hoadell 350-196 to win a \$110,000 PBA event in San Jose.

SAM ZURICH and **NELSON BURTON JR.** beat Jim Wadsworth and Dave Husted 227-206 to win a \$110,000 PBA doubles tournament in Las Vegas.

BOKING—LEROY HALEY won the WBC junior welterweight title in a 15-round split decision over Saeed Muehly in Highland Heights, Ohio.

ST. GORDON won the WBC championship title with a second-round TKO over Carlos Delatoro in Highland Heights, Ohio.

GOLF—BOB GILDER shot a 19-under-par 261 to beat Tom Kite and Peter Jacobsen by five strokes and win the \$400,000 Westchester Classic in Rye, N.Y.

SANDRA HAYNIE defeated Nancy Lopez and Hollie Stacy by six strokes to win the \$200,000 Rochester International in Pittsford, N.Y. with a 12-under-par 276.

NANCY TAYLOR of Phoenix beat Kern Clark of North Las Vegas 2 and 1 to win the Women's Amateur Public Links title in Lawrence, Kan.

HORSE RACING—CHRISTMAS PAST (3), Jacinto Vantage up, won the \$541,500 Coaching Club American Oaks by six lengths over Caprice's Joy at Belmont Park. The 3-year-old covered the 1 1/4 miles in 2:05.5 (page 54).

LACROSSE—The United States defeated Australia 23-14 to win the continental World Lacrosse Championship in Baltimore.

MOTOR SPORTS—DAVID PEARSON, a Ford, edged Edie Earlhardt, a Pontiac, by .006 of a second, in a 200-mile NASCAR event in Rockingham, N.C. In a main-plate race, Pearson averaged 96.674 mph around the 1.077-mile North Carolina Motor Speedway oval.

POWERBOATING—CHIP HANAUER drove his ultralight hydroplane Allen Van Lines around a three-mile circuit of the Detroit River in an average speed of 122.564 mph to win the 15-mile APBA Gold Cup.

RACQUETBALL—MARTY BOGAN of San Diego defeated Dave Peck of El Paso 11-9, 6-11, 11-5, 11-4 to win his fifth consecutive National Racquetball Championship, in Palmate, Ill.

LYNN ADAMS defeated Shannon Wright 3-2, 3-2, 15-14 (1 tie breaker), to win the Women's Pro Racquetball Association National Championships in Englewood, Colo.

SOCCER—The Cosmos celebrated the season's half-way point with a few points of their own, a 3-2 victory over Vancouver gave them nine points and a 3-1 win over Edmonton added nine to bring the Cosmos' total for the year to a league-leading 12. Toronto slipped further behind the Cosmos in the Eastern Division with three losses, 2-0 (up Seattle) 1-1 (to Portland) and Midlander Jimmy Neilson (as Northern Ireland's World Cup team, surprise winners in Round 1). On Saturday Vancouver came back from its loss in New York to swamp Tampa Bay 5-2 as Peter Loeferer got two goals and an assist. That, combined with San Jose's 3-2 loss to Southern Division leader Ft. Lauderdale, moved the Whitecaps into the lead in the West.

TRACK & FIELD—In Oslo, STEVE COTTEtt equaled the third fastest mile ever run and lowered his own American record, set one year ago, by 1.15 seconds with a time of 3:48.53. ALBERTO SALAZAR surprised the American mark for 10,000 meters with a time of 27:35.4 while finishing second to CARLOS LOPES (27:34.39). The U.S. record had been the 72:29 set by Craig Varga in 1980. MARY DECKER TABB broke by 12 ms over American women's mile record of 1980 with a clocking of 4:21.46 (page 28).

In Durham, N.C. DAVE VOLZ, pole-vaulter, broke by 3/8" to break by 3/8" the American record set June 29 by Dan Ripley and Billy Olson. COLEEN SOMMER, high-jumper, broke by 1/8" to break Fran Storz's American record of 6' 5 1/8", set last year; DAVE MCKENZIE broke his own year-old American record of 217' 2" with a 243' 11" hammer throw, despite squabbling third behind KALEY PEGGALLS (247' 6") and Joly Schaller of West Germany.

MISAPPROPRIATE—AWARDED: To a group of investors including former Los Angeles Rams and Washington Redskins coach GEORGE ALLEN, the Chicago franchise in the new NFL. Allen, 66, will coach the team.

NAMED: An president of the NASL, HOWARD J. SAMUELS, 62, a politician, businessman and former chairman of New York City's Off-Track Betting Corporation. Samuels will replace Paul Woodward, who retains the title of commissioner, as the league's chief executive.

REINSTATE: As WBA junior lightweight champion, SAMUEL SERRANO was declared sound by Benedicto Villalobos, the club's doctor.

SENTENCED: To three years' probation, former University of San Francisco guard QUINTELL DALLIVY, 31, after pleading guilty to a charge of aggravated assault stemming from an incident involving a USF nursing student last winter.

TRADED: By the Detroit Pistons, forward KENNY CARR, 26, to the Portland Trail Blazers for the Blazers' 1982 first-round draft pick, by the Phoenix Suns, center RICH KELLEY, 29, to the Denver Nuggets for the Nuggets' 1982 first-round draft pick.

By the Los Angeles Rams, left wing PAUL MULVEY, 23, to the Edmonton Oilers for right wing DEAIR BARNES, 21.

DIED: IRVING COTTON, WARRINGTON, 70, U.S. All-America quarterback in 1931, who led the Trojans to two Rose Bowl victories, of heart failure, in Culver City, Calif. Warburton, 5' 6", 144 pounds, forewent prep football for a career in film editing, winning an Oscar for his work on Mary Poppins.

FRED ZOLLNER, 41, founder of the Fort Wayne Pistons, which joined the NBA in 1949 and moved to Detroit in 1957, of heart disease, in North Miami. Zollner sold the Pistons in 1974.

CREDITS

4—Lynn Schwartz 14—Gemma Landon 20-21—George Tademans 22—Marty Bogan 23—Christina from up left: George Tademans, Marty Bogan, Antonio Sotomayor, Racquetball, Sacramento, California 24—Marty Bogan 25—Fran Storz 26—Steve Peggall 27—Dave McKenzie 28—Kaley Peggall 29—Tony Lopez 30—Bob Eggen 31—Tony Lopez 32—Tony Lopez 33—Bob Eggen 34—Tony Lopez 35—Tony Lopez 36—Bob Eggen 37—Tony Lopez 38—Tony Lopez 39—Tony Lopez 40—Tony Lopez 41—Tony Lopez 42—Tony Lopez 43—Tony Lopez 44—Tony Lopez 45—Tony Lopez 46—Tony Lopez 47—Tony Lopez 48—Tony Lopez 49—Tony Lopez 50—Tony Lopez 51—Tony Lopez 52—Tony Lopez 53—Tony Lopez 54—Tony Lopez 55—Tony Lopez 56—Tony Lopez 57—Tony Lopez 58—Tony Lopez 59—Tony Lopez 60—Tony Lopez 61—Tony Lopez 62—Tony Lopez 63—Tony Lopez 64—Tony Lopez 65—Tony Lopez 66—Tony Lopez 67—Tony Lopez 68—Tony Lopez 69—Tony Lopez 70—Tony Lopez 71—Tony Lopez 72—Tony Lopez 73—Tony Lopez 74—Tony Lopez 75—Tony Lopez 76—Tony Lopez 77—Tony Lopez 78—Tony Lopez 79—Tony Lopez 80—Tony Lopez 81—Tony Lopez 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GEORGE WASHINGTON

90% Silver Commemorative Half-Dollar Coins



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Please send me _____ (limit 25
per order) 90% silver proof com-
memorative half-dollar coins at \$10.50
each.

Enclosed is my remittance for \$_____
(No cash) payable to Bureau of the Mint.

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Edited by GARY HUGHES

HOLMES-COONEY

Sir

I've grown accustomed to your fine cover age of major sporting events; however, I feel that you deserve special accolades for your story on the Larry Holmes-Gerry Cooney fight (*The Clash of His Class*, June 23). I especially appreciated the fabulous photographs taken from ringside.

ANDREW REBEL
Jersey City, N.J.

Sir

A Joe DeMaggio cover? That man can still cover a lot of ground.

RICHARD DRELLER
Brooklyn

• It's a nice thought, but the Joe DeMaggio who took our June 23 cover picture isn't the Yankee Clipper Photographer DeMaggio, no relation to John! Joe is a free-lancer from Centerville, N.Y., whose pictures have appeared in the magazine on a number of occasions, including our pre-Gerry Cooney-Ken Norton fight article on Cooney (*Gerry Cooney Can't Beat His Old English Teacher, but He Could Become Heavyweight Champion of the World*, May 4, 1981). One of four Joe, or Jo, DeMaggios in his family, counting his dad, a 15-year-old son and wife Jo Anne Kalsch, whose photographs have also appeared in *SL*, Joe reports that he has met the more famous Joe D several times but has never photographed him. He has been mistaken for him, too, and, as a result, been the recipient of some unsought and, most often, declined red-carpet treatment, such as "an \$800-a-day suite" in an exclusive New York hotel, complete with a bouquet of roses and a bottle of Dom Perignon. When they checked in and discovered the error, Joe and Jo explained that they just wanted "a plain old \$125-a-day room." LD

Sir

Thanks to Al and William Nack for an excellent article on the fight. It was so thorough, and the photography was so good, it made me feel as though I had been at ringside for all 11 rounds. I was pulling for Gerry Cooney, but Larry Holmes proved to everyone how great a boxer he really is. He's by far the best of the heavyweight class at this time.

TED L. MORRIS JR.
South Bend

Sir

Our hats should be off to Larry Holmes. On June 11 he beat not only Gerry Cooney and two near-weighted judges but also the System. I mean the System that gives a hard-working, honorable, black heavyweight champion sec-

ond billing in an unspiced, unpolished, and unglaucous white heavyweight contender. Holmes is a proud, dignified and, finally, respected champion who deserves better treatment than he receives from the System. This is his finest hour.

DANIEL T. PLYMER
New York City

Sir

Larry Holmes has done it again. He has successfully defended his crown with a show of style. It was not that he has no claws, though. A sore loser is one thing, but a sore winner is another, and it gets a little sickening, not to mention boring. Holmes's biggest enemy is himself. Where's the Holmes of not so long ago, the one who was nice and humble? Everyone knows you're the champ, Larry. Come on, let's see now if you can knock that chip off your shoulder.

GUY M. JOHNSON
Irvine, Calif.

Sir

Even though Gerry Cooney lost to a great champion, Larry Holmes, I think the boxing world has just begun to see the real Cooney. Anybody can step into a boxing ring and fight for a title and lose, but it takes a man to say to his followers that he's sorry he lost. Gerry Cooney will be back.

KEN FREEMAN
Alhambra, Calif.

COCAINE (CONT.)

Sir

I am writing in regard to the article by Don Reese on his bitter struggle with cocaine ("I'm Not Worth a Dime," June 14). It was an excellent article, but I am afraid I received it a day late.

I'm a junior at a very small private school and over the past three years I've risen to the top of the ladder there. I've worked long and hard to be a part of two varsity teams and I've never failed to make the honor roll. The last few months have been some of my life's best. I was even elected president of the student council. Sounds like everything is going great, doesn't it? Not for long, though.

One recent morning a friend and I decided to experiment with cocaine before an exam. We'd heard a lot about it and were willing to try it, but we were seen by a teacher and the rest is history.

To say that coke has ruined my life is a cop-out. I've still never used it, and I don't intend to. But it gets me to think of the third times ahead of me as I live down my reputation and make my way back to the top—and, believe me, I will. Already my position as student-body president has been relinquished and my

hopes of being class valedictorian are stifled. In fact, I've been asked not to return to school next fall. My own mother called me a junky.

I'm not writing for help, or pity, or catharsis. My purpose is to inform others that "the lady" is indeed evil. If one pushes, one addicts or one experimenter is changed into a straight human being by my letter, that would definitely serve my purpose.

NAME AND ADDRESS WITHHELD

Sir

The drug problems in the NFL, described by Don Reese are very real indeed. I spent a year living with my buddies in San Diego, all of whom played for the Chargers. I can attest that the quick cash on hand, the pressure to perform, the threat of injury and the lack of job stability tend to lead these superior athletes to this escape from reality. There was an incredible amount of partying and there were bundles of cocaine. I personally watched many a Charger escape from reality with cocaine. My view of pro football is tarnished now, because when I watch a game I can't help wondering how high those guys are.

My only objection to the article was the naming of the players doing cocaine. Many names could be brought out, however. Bring on the urine tests!

If you publish this, just print that it was from John Hoy, Battle Ground, Wash.
"Junks Boy"
Battle Ground, Wash.

Sir

It's a shame Don Reese's career came to a skidding halt because he couldn't control his habits or his life-style. He was a Class A ballplayer in every respect. However, it's unfair to blame cocaine or any drug, for an athlete's demise. There's no drug problem, only a people problem.

Judging by Reese's confessions, he had become more than a recreational user. And let's face it, it's the abuse of a drug, not the use, that causes problems. I'm not trying to advocate doing cocaine, but I've seen dozens of ballplayers use the drug moderately and have no problems. Reese's obsession with coke was the problem, not the coke.

Why don't you write a story on the drug that has taken down more utilities and non-athletes than marijuana, cocaine and amphetamines combined—alcohol.

DANNY MC NULTY
Muncie, Ind.

Sir

No one coerced Don Reese into signing a lucrative pro football contract. It's the same with drugs. No one forced him to become an addict. The owners and/or the league

continued

shouldn't be held responsible for cleaning up the so-called drug problem. The players should take care of their addiction on their own, because they brought it upon themselves. Let them spend some of their big contract money on help for themselves. If Reese or any other athlete is looking for sympathy from the fans, he won't get it from this one.

LAWRENCE SLOVIS
Mount Washington, Md.

Sir

After reading the article I felt disillusioned with the Players Association. If it really is an organization formed to help NFL players, how could it not make any recognizable attempt to cure this epidemic? And if it is unaware of the problem or is willfully ignoring it in hopes that it will disappear, God help players like Don Reese.

DAVID GRANSKY
Burlington, Ontario

Sir

I would like to thank SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for presenting the special report by Don Reese with John Underwood. Before I had a chance to read the article, I heard that it was just another piece of sensational journalism. However, I have had experience in the world of amateur athletes and I'm familiar with many of the scenes of drug use—marijuana, hash and cocaine, too—that Reese accurately describes in his tale. "These things can't happen to me" is a phrase too often heard from drug users and abusers. I'm sure Reese once thought that these drugs couldn't bother him, either.

SI deserves to be commended for having the courage to run the article and enlighten its readers on this problem, which has the potential to grip—if it hasn't already gripped—locker rooms throughout America.

ROBERT ALAN KAUF
Sports Information Director
Haverford College
Haverford, Pa.

Sir

I, too, messed up my life through cocaine. I lost everything that was dear to me. My life was a sham, until I decided to seek help from the Genesis House. I've been involved in the program for two years, the first year as a client and now as a counselor.

Cocaine has been glorified in the past and it is still glorified today. The control that it exerts over its users, however, is by no means glorious. I deal on a daily basis with people who are trying to break cocaine's stronghold. It's an extremely difficult habit to shake. We in the rehabilitative community are now beginning to see a definite shift from heroin addicts and speed freaks to a greater number of people with severe cocaine problems. Cocaine is becoming the most abused drug in our society, apart from alcohol.

While some insist that coke isn't physically addictive, you'll get a different answer when talking to abusers of the drug. It takes com-

plete control of your physical and mental processes. Your entire life revolves around obtaining more cocaine. Something must be done. The answer lies in education and rehabilitation. Unfortunately, in these times of tight money, it's becoming increasingly difficult to obtain funding. I commend you for helping to bring this problem to the attention of your readers.

ROBERT D. MCCALLUM
Susan, Calif.

Sir

The article was superb! As for Don Reese, I hope he can get his life together, because there are many people pulling for him and for every other NFL player who may be going through—or may have gone through—the same traumatic ordeal with drugs. To all of them, I say turn your lives around and be the men and great athletes you can be.

VICKI RICHARDSON
Member
Kansas City Cheifettes
Kansas City, Mo.

NBA CHAMPS

Sir

Thank you for shedding some light on the man behind the superstardom of the Los Angeles Lakers, Pat Riley (L.A. Needed a Pat on His Back, June 21). I wouldn't begin to suggest that Riley's coaching is the only reason Los Angeles won the NBA title, but even the greatest ship at the world needs a steady hand at the wheel.

Kentuckians aren't surprised at the leadership Riley showed this season. In his senior season at the University of Kentucky he suffered a painful back injury but still averaged 17 points per game. While in the Bluegrass State he also learned that you can't pull in the reins too tightly on thoroughbreds, so the Lakers' victory confirms that fast-break basketball is the best way to travel.

SHIRLEY JONES
Owensboro, Ky.

Sir

I tip my hat to Philadelphia's Billy Cunningham and L.A.'s Pat Riley for a refreshing and admirable display of class. These two men showed me traits I seldom see in coaches—patience and self-control. As a lifetime player, coach and fan of basketball, I'm proud that Cunningham and Riley are leading representatives of my favorite sport.

CUBBY MAY
Valparaiso, Neb.

Sir

It wasn't mentioned in your story on the Lakers' win, but the pro baseball, football and basketball champions are all from California.

PAUL E. KIRBY
Los Angeles

MURRAY'S EXAMPLE

Sir

Congratulations to Steve Wulf for his fine article on Orville First Baseman Eddie Murray (Ladies & Gents Daily, June 21). In pro

sports today it would be hard to find a more perfect example for youngsters than Eddie. Baseball fans in the Baltimore area have long been familiar with his fierce baseball skills and his outstanding desire and attitude.

SI gave its readers a look at an athlete who left his baseball to the talking rather than boast of his accomplishments and then have to deal with fan-weather fans when he falls short of their expectations. Murray is one of few sportsmen who earn their salaries on the basis of their skill, rather than their mouth.

ROB HELLZELL
Centerville, Va.

Sir

There's absolutely no doubt in my mind that Eddie Murray is the most consistent all-around player in baseball today. However, I have to disagree with the comment that he is "the most dreaded hitter" in the American League. In my opinion, the Brewers' Cecil Cooper is by far the most dreaded hitter in the majors. Since coming to Milwaukee in 1977, Cecil has yet to hit below .300.

PEEL LOWE
Waupaca, Wis.

Sir

Eddie Murray, the most dreaded hitter in the American League? Come on! How about Rickey Henderson or Dave Winfield, just to name two more likely candidates?

RUSSAL MORA
Fairfield, Calif.

DESIGNATED SHRINKS

Sir

Howard Rosenberg's article (Sports Illustrated, June 7) on the use of sports psychologists—designated shrink—was most timely. Sports psychology is definitely in up and coming and important field, and psychotherapy can certainly contribute to the well-being of the professional athlete. As evidenced by the past three Olympics, the Soviet Union and the Eastern European nations that have employed sports psychologists have developed highly successful athletic programs.

It's my experience as a sports psychologist that athletes can maximize their performances and derive more enjoyment and satisfaction from their sports by learning the skills to handle their emotions as well as their muscles. I hope to see all major sports teams employ sports psychologists to help athletes deal with their fears of success or failure, manage stress before a competition and cope with the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat.

HAROLD N. DEUBERG, PH.D.
Sports Psychology Director
Chestnut Hill Psychophysics Associates
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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